

THE
Beaux Stratagem.

A
COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
D R U R Y - L A N E :

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by
W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-
Street* in the Strand.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

DEAR SIR

CO. M. P. D.



THE ROYAL

By Mr. George Wyndham

M.DCCCXXVI



PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

WHEN Strife disturbs, or Sloth corrupts an Age,
 Keen Satire is the Business of the Stage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, belab'rd those Crime]
Which then infested most—the modish Times:
 But now, when Faction sleeps, and Sloth is fled,
 And all our Youth in active Fields are bred;
 When thro' GREAT-BRITAIN's fair extensive Round,
 The Trumps of Fame the Notes of UNION sound;
 When ANNA's Sceptre points the Laws their Course,
 And her Example gives her Precepts Force;
 There scarce is room for Satire; all our Lays
 Must be, or Songs of Triumph, or of Praise.
 But as in Grounds best cultivated, Tares
 And Poppies rise among the Golden Ears;
 Our Product so, fit for the Field or School,
 Must mix with Nature's favourite Plant—a Fool.
 A Weed that has to twenty Summers ran,
 Shoots up in Stalks, and vegetates to Man.
 Simpling our Author goes from Field to Field,
 And culls such Fools as may Di-version yield;
 And, Thanks to Nature, there's no want of those,
 For Rain or Shine, the thriving Coxcomb grows.
 Follies to-night we show ne'er last'd before,
 Yet such as Nature shows you ev'ry Hour:
 Nor can the Pictures give a just Offence;
 For Fools are made for Jest to Men of Sense.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Aimwell,</i>	{ Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes, the first as Master, and the second as Servant.	Mr. Mills.
<i>Archer,</i>	{	Mr. Wilks.
Count	{ A French Officer, Prisoner at Litchfield.	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Bellair,</i>	{	
<i>Sullen,</i>	{ A Country Blockhead, brutal to his Wife.	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Freeman,</i>	{ A Gentleman from London.	Mr. Keen.
<i>Foigard,</i>	{ A Priest, Chaplain to the French Officers.	Mr. Bowen.
<i>Gibbet,</i>	{ A Highway-Man.	Mr. Cibber.
<i>Hounslow,</i>	{ His Companions.	
<i>Bagshot,</i>	{	
<i>Boniface,</i>	{ Landlord of the Inn.	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Scrub.</i>	{ Servant to Mr. Sullen.	Mr. Norris.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Bountiful,</i>	{ An old, civil, Country Gentlewoman, that cures all her Neighbours of all Distempers, and foolishly fond of her Son Sullen.	Mrs. Porvel.
<i>Dorinda,</i>	{ Lady Bountiful's Daughter.	Mrs. Bradshaw.
<i>Mrs. Sullen.</i>	{ Her Daughter-in-law.	Mrs. Oldfield.
<i>Gipsy.</i>	{ Maid to the Ladies.	Mrs. Mills.
<i>Cherry,</i>	{ The Landlord's Daughter in the Inn.	Mrs. Bicknel.

SCENE, LITCHFIELD.




THE
Beaux Stratagem.

ACT I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface running.

Bon.  Hamberlain, Maid, Cherry, Daughter Cherry; all asleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so, Father? D'ye think we

have no Ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young Minx:-- The Company of the *Warrington* Coach has stood in the Hall this Hour, and no body to shew them to their Chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, Father; there's neither Red-Coat in the Coach, nor Footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another Inn to-night.

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Cher. That they dare not, for fear the Coachman should overturn them to-morrow. — Coming, coming: Here's the *London Coach* arriv'd.

Enter several People with Trunks, Band-Boxes, with other Luggage, and cross the Stage.

Bon. Welcome, Ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, Gentlemen. — Chamberlain, shew the *Lion* and the *Rose*. [*Exit with the Company.*]

Enter Aimwell in a Riding Habit, Archer as Footman, carrying a Portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, Gentlemen

Aim. Set down the things; go to the Stable, and see my Horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, Sir.

Aim. You're my Landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this Road, as the Saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface*, your Servant.

Bon. O, Sir — What will your Honour please to drink, as the Saying is.

Aim. I have heard your Town of *Litchfield* much fam'd for Ale, I think; I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my Cellar ten Tun of the best Ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as Oil, sweet as Milk, clear as Amber, and strong as Brandy; and will be just fourteen Year old the fifth Day of next *March*, Old Stile.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the Age of your Ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the Age of my Children: I'll shew you such Ale — Here, Tapster, broach Number 1706, as the Saying is; — Sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini* — I have liv'd in *Litchfield*, Man and Boy, above eight and fifty Years, and, I believe, have not consum'd eight and fifty Ounces of Meat.

Aim.

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Aim. At a Meal, you mean, if one may guess your Sense by your Bulk.

Bon. Not in my Life, Sir. I have fed purely upon Ale; I have eat my Ale, drank my Ale, and I always sleep upon Ale.

Enter Tapster with a Bottle and Glass.

Now, Sir, you shall see, [*Filling it out*] your Worship's Health: Ha! delicious, delicious,—fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten Shillings a Quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this Ale, Landlord?

Bon. Eight and fifty Years, upon my Credit, Sir; but it kill'd my Wife, poor Woman, as the Saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir; she would not let the Ale take its natural Course, Sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a Dram, as the Saying is; and an honest Gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a Present of a dozen Bottles of Usquebaugh——but the poor Woman was never well after: But howe'er, I was oblig'd to the Gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the Usquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so——She, good Lady, did what could be done; she cur'd her of three Tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the Saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful, you mention'd?

Bon. 'Ods my Life, Sir, we'll drink her Health. [*Drinks*] My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of Women: Her last Husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand Pound a Year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable Uses for the good of her Neighbours; she cures Rheumatisms, Ruptures, and broken Shins in Men; Green-Sickness, Obstruc-

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tions, and Fits of the Mother in Women;——The King's Evil, Chin-Cough, and Chilblains in Children: In short, she has cured more People in and about *Litchfield* within ten Years, than the Doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold Word.

Aim. Has the Lady been any other way useful in her Generation?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a Daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest Woman in all our Country, and the greatest Fortune: She has a Son too, by her first Husband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who marry'd a fine Lady from *London* t'other Day; if you please, Sir, we'll drink his Health.

Aim. What sort of a Man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the Man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does——nothing at all, 'faith: But he's a Man of Great Estate, and values no body.

Aim. A Sportsman, I suppose.

Bon. Yes, Sir, he's a Man of Pleasure; he plays at Whisk and smokes his Pipe eight and forty Hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine Sportsman, truly! And marry'd, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious Woman, Sir——But he's a——He wants it here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Forehead.*]

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my Business; he's my Landlord, and so a Man, you know, wou'd not——But I'cod, he's no better than——Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*] Tho' I value not a Farthing what he can do to me, I pay him his Rent at Quarter-day; I have a good Running Trade; I have but one Daughter, and I can give her——But no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray what other Company have you in Town?

Bon. A power of fine Ladies; and then we have the *French* Officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those Gentlemen; Pray, how do you like their Company?

En

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Bon. So well, as the Saying is, that I cou'd wish we had as many more of 'em ; they're full of Money, and pay double for every thing they have ; they know, Sir, that we paid good round Taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little ; one of 'em lodges in my House.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Bon. I'll wait on 'em——Does your Master stay long in Town, as the Saying is? [*To* Archer.

Arch. I can't tell, as the Saying is.

Bon. Come from *London*?

Arch. No !

Bon. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No !

Bon. An odd Fellow this : I beg your Worship's Pardon, I'll wait on you in half a Minute. [*Exit.*

Aim. The Coast's clear, I see——Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Litchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear Brother in Iniquity.

Aim. Iniquity ! prithee, leave Canting ; you need not change your Stile with your Dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Aimwell*, for 'tis still my Maxim, that there's no Scandal like Rags, nor any Crime so shameful as Poverty.

Aim. The World confesses it every day in its Practice, tho' Men won't own it for their Opinion : Who did that worthy Lord, my Brother, fingle out of the Side-box to sup with him t'other Night ?

Arch. *Jack Handicraft*, a handsome, well dress'd, mannerly, sharpening Rogue, who keeps the best Company in Town.

Aim. Right : and, pray, who marry'd my Lady *Manlaughter* t'other day, the great Fortune ?

Arch. Why, *Nick Marrabone*, a profess'd Pick-pocket, and a good Bowler ; but he makes a handsome Figure, and rides in his Coach that he formerly used to ride behind.

Aim.

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Aim. But did you observe poor *Jack Generous* in the Park last Week?

Arch. Yes, with his Autumnal Perriwig, shading his melancholy Face, his Coat older than any thing but its Fashion, with one Hand idle in his Pocket, and with the other picking his useless Teeth; and tho' the Mall was crouded with company, yet was poor *Jack* as single and solitary as a Lion in a Desert.

Aim. And as much avoided, for no Crime upon Earth but the want of Money.

Arch. And that's enough; Men must not be poor: Idleness is the Root of all Evil; the World's wide enough, let 'em bustle: Fortune has taken the Weak under her Protection, but Men of Sense are left to their Industry.

Aim. Upon which Topick we proceed; and, I think, luckily hitherto: Wou'd not any Man swear now, that I am a Man of Quality, and you my Servant, when if our intrinsic Value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the Men of intrinsic Value, who can strike our Fortunes out of our selves, whose Worth is independent of Accidents in Life, or Revolutions in Government: we have Heads to get Money, and Hearts to spend it.

Aim. As to our Hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing Tits as any within twenty Degrees; but I can have no great Opinion of our Heads from the Service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Litchfield*, made me a Lord, and you my Servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already. But what Money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred Pound.

Arch. And our Horses, Cloaths, Rings, &c. why, we have very good Fortunes now for moderate People; and let me tell you, that this two hundred Pound, with the Experience that we are now Masters of, is a better Estate than the ten thousand we have spent. — Our Friends indeed began to suspect that our Pockets were low, but we came off with flying Colours,

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lours, shew'd no signs of Want either in Word or Deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our Friends imagine that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this Project fails it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the Hundreds, if you will, upon this Knight-Errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some Counter-scarp, where we may die as we liv'd, in a Blaze.

Aim. With all my heart; and we have liv'd justly, *Arch.*; we can't say that we have spent our Fortunes, but that we have enjoy'd 'em.

Arch. Right; so much Pleasure for so much Money; we have had our Penny-worths; and had I Millions, I would go to the same Market again. O *London, London!* well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: Past Pleasures, for aught I know, are past, such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us.

Aim. It has often griev'd the Heart of me, to see how some inhuman Wretches murder their kind Fortunes; those that by sacrificing all to one Appetite, shall starve all the rest—You shall have some that live only in their Palates, and in their Sense of Tasting shall drown the other four. Others are only Epicures in Appearance, such who shall starve their Nights to make a Figure a Days, and famish their own to feed the Eyes of others: A contrary sort confine their Pleasures to the Dark, and contract their spacious Acres to the Circuit of a Muff-string.

Arch. Right; but they find the *Indies* in that Spot where they consume 'em, and, I think, your kind Keepers have much the best on't; for they indulge the most Senses by one Expence, there's the Seeing, Hearing, and Feeling, amply gratified; and some Philosophers will tell you, that from such a Commerce, their arises a sixth Sense, that gives infinitely more Pleasure than the other five put together.

Aim. And to pass to the other Extremity, of all Keepers, I think those the worst that keep their Money.

Arch.

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Arch. These are the most miserable Wights in Being; they destroy the Rights of Nature, and disappoint the Blessings of Providence: Give me a Man that keeps his five Senses keen and bright as his Sword, that has 'em always drawn out in their just Order and Strength, with his Reason, as Commander at the Head of 'em; that detaches 'em by turns upon whatever Party of Pleasure agreeably offers, and commands 'em to retreat upon the least Appearance of Disadvantage, or Danger.—For my part, I can stick to my Bottle, while my Wine, my Company, and my Reason holds good: I can be charm'd with *Sappho's* Singing, without falling in love with her Face: I love Hunting, but would not, like *Asteeon*, be eaten up by my own Dogs; I love a fine House, but let another keep it; and just so I love a fine Woman.

Aim. In that last Particular you have the better of me.

Arch. Ay, you're such an amorous Puppy, that I'm afraid you'll spoil our Sport: you can't counterfeit the Passion without feeling it.

Aim. Tho' the whining part be out of doors in Town, 'tis still in force with the Country Ladies:—And let me tell you, *Frank*, the Fool in that Passion shall out-do the Knave at any time.

Arch. Well, I won't dispute it now; you command for the Day, and so I submit:—At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be Master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last Stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A Match! [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

Bon. What will your Worship please to have for Supper?

Aim. What have you got?

Bon. Sir, we have a delicate piece of Beef in the Pot, and a Pig at the Fire.

Aim. Good Supper-meat, I must confess:—I can't eat Beef, Landlord.

Arch. And I hate Pig.

Aim.

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Aim. Hold your prating, Sirrah? Do you know who you are? *[Aside.*

Bon. Please to bespeak something else; I have every thing in the House.

Aim. Have you any Veal?

Bon. Veal, Sir! we had a delicate Loin of Veal on Wednesday last.

Aim. Have you got any Fish or Wild-fowl?

Bon. As for Fish, truly Sir, we are an inland Town, and indifferently provided with Fish, that's the truth on't; but then for Wild-fowl! — We have a delicate Couple of Rabbits.

Aim. Get me the Rabbits fricasseed.

Bon. Fricasseed! Lard, Sir, they'll eat much better smother'd with Onions.

Arch. Pshaw! Rot your Onions.

Aim. Again, Sirrah! — Well, Landlord, what you please; but hold, I have a small Charge of Money, and your House is so full of Strangers, that I believe it may be safer in your Custody than mine; for when this Fellow of mine gets drunk, he minds nothing: — Here, Sirrah, reach me the strong Box.

Arch. Yes, Sir, — this will give us Reputation.

[Aside. Brings the Box.

Aim. Here, Landlord, the Locks are sealed down both for your Security and mine; it holds somewhat above Two hundred Pound; if you doubt it, I'll count it to you after Supper: but be sure you lay it where I may have it at a Minute's warning; for my Affairs are a little dubious at present; perhaps I may be gone in half an Hour, perhaps I may be your Guest till the best part of that be spent; and pray order your Ostler to keep my Horses ready saddled: But one thing above the rest I must beg, that you would let this Fellow have none of your *Anno Domini*, as you call it; — for he's the most insufferable Sot — Here, Sirrah, light me to my Chamber.

Arch. Yes, Sir!

[Exit, lighted by Archer.

Bon. Cherry, Daughter Cherry.

Enter

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Enter Cherry.

Cher. D'ye call, Father?

Bon. Ay, Child, you must lay by this Box for the Gentleman; 'tis full of Money.

Cher. Money! all that Money! why sure, Father, the Gentleman comes to be chosen Parliament-man. Who is he?

Bon. I don't know what to make of him: he talks of keeping his Horses ready saddled, and of going perhaps at a minute's warning, or of staying perhaps till the best part of this bespent.

Cher. Ay! ten to one, Father, he's a Highway-man.

Bon. A Highway-man! upon my Life, Girl, you have hit it, and this Box is some new-purchased Booty — Now, could we find him out, the Money were ours.

Cher. He don't belong to our Gang.

Bon. What Horses have they?

Cher. The Master rides upon a Black.

Bon. A Black! ten to one the Man upon the black Mare; and since he don't belong to our Fraternity, we may betray him with a safe Conscience; I don't think it lawful to harbour any Rogues but my own. Look'e, Child, as the Saying is, we must go cunningly to work; Proofs we must have; the Gentleman's Servant loves Drink, I'll ply him that way; and ten to one he loves a Wench, you must work him t'other way.

Cher. Father, would you have me give my Secret for his?

Bon. Consider, Child, there's Two hundred Pound to boot. [*Ring without.*] Coming, coming. — Child, mind your Business.

Cher. What a Rogue is my Father! my Father! I deny it. — My Mother was a good, generous, free-hearted Woman, and I can't tell how far her Good-nature might have extended for the good of her Children. This Landlord of mine, for I think I can call him no more, would betray his Guest, and debauch his Daughter into the bargain — by a Footman too!

Enter

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Enter Archer.

Arch. What Footman, pray, Mistress, is so happy as to be the Subject of your Contemplation?

Cher. Whoever he is, Friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for I'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make Love to you.

Cher. Love to me, Friend!

Arch. Yes, Child.

Cher. Child! Manners: If you kept a little more distance, Friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good-night, Saucebox. [*Going*]

Cher. A pretty Fellow; I like his Pride. — Sir, pray, Sir, you see, Sir, [*Archer returns*] I have the Credit to be intrusted with your Master's Fortune here, which sets me a degree above a Footman; I hope, Sir, you a'n't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the Face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no——'Sdeath Child, you have a pair of delicate Eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, Sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some Women had 'em, they wou'd kill every body.—— Prithée instruct me, I wou'd fain make Love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make Love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a Person of your Figure, I can assure you, Madam; my Addresses have been always confined to People within my own Sphere: I never aspir'd so high before.

[*Archer sings.*

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a Man wou'd swear you're right,
As Arm was e'er laid over.*

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*Such an Air,
You freely wear
To ensnare
As makes each Guest a Lover :*

*Since then, my Dear, I'm your Guest,
Prithee give me of the best
Of what is ready drest:
Since then my Dear, &c.*

Cher. What can I think of this Man? [*Aside.*] Will you give me that Song, Sir?

Arch. Ay, my Dear; take it while it is warm [*Kisses her.*] Death and Fire! her Lips are Honey-combs!

Cher. And I wish there had been a Swarm of Bees too, to have stung you for your Impudence.

Arch. There's a Swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the Business much better.

Cher. This Fellow is misbegotten as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your Name, Sir?

Arch. Name! I gad I have forgot it, [*Aside.*] Oh! *Martin.*

Cher. Where were your born?

Arch. In St. *Martin's* Parish.

Cher. What was your Father?

Arch. Of—of—St. *Martin's* Parish.

Cher. Then Friend, good-night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a Footman.

Arch. That you're an Angel.

Cher. I shall be rude.

Arch. So shall I.

Cher. Let go my Hand.

Arch. Give me a Kiss.

[*Kisses her*; Boniface calls without, Cherry, Cherry.]

Cher.

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Cher. I'm—My Father calls ; you plaguy Devil, how durst you stop my Breath so? — Offer to follow me one step if you dare.

Arch. A fair Challenge, by this Light ; this is a pretty fair Opening of an Adventure ; but we are Knight-Errants, and so Fortune be our Guide, [Exit.

The END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Dor. **M**orrow, my dear Sister ; are you for Church this Morning?

Mrs. Sul. Any where to pray ; for Heaven alone can help me: But I think, *Dorinda*, there's no Form of Prayer in the Liturgy against bad Husbands.

Dor. But there's a Form of Law at *Doctors-Commons* ; and I swear, Sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that : For, besides the part that I bear in your vexatious Broils, as being Sister to the Husband, and Friend to the Wife, your Examples give me such an Impression of Matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my Person to a long Vacation all its Life—But supposing, Madam, that you brought it to a Case of Separation, what can you urge against your Husband? My Brother is, first, the most constant Man alive.

Mrs. Sul. The most constant Husband, I grant ye,

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a Maintenance suitable to your Quality.

Mrs. Sul.

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Mrs. Sul. A Maintenance! do you take me, Madam, for an Hospital Child, that I must sit down, and bless my Benefactors for Meat, Drink, and Clothes? As I take it, Madam, I brought your Brother Ten thousand Pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called Pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the Pleasures that the Country affords.

Mrs. Sul. Country Pleasures! Racks and Torments! Dost think, Child, that my Limbs are made for leaping of Ditches, and clambing over Styles; or that my Parents, wisely foreseeing my future Happiness in Country Pleasures, had early instructed me in the rural Accomplishments of drinking fat Ale, playing at Whisk, and smoaking Tobacco with my Husband; or of spreading of Plasters, brewing of Diet-drinks, and stilling of Rosemary-water, with the good old Gentlewoman my Mother-in-law.

Dor. I'm sorry, Madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I cou'd wish, indeed, that our Entertainments were a little more polite, or your Taste a little less refin'd: But pray, Madam, how came the Poets and Philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after Pleasure, to place it at last in a Country Life?

Mrs. Sul. Because they wanted Money, Child, to find out the Pleasures of the Town: Did you ever hear of a Poet or Philosopher worth Ten thousand Pound? If you can shew me such a Man, I'll lay you fifty Pound, you'll find him somewhere within the Weekly Bills. Not that I disapprove rural Pleasures as the Poets have painted them in their Landshapes; every *Phillis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring Stream, and every flowing Mead gives fresh Alarms to Love. — Besides, you'll find, that their Couples were never marry'd — But yonder, I see my *Corydon*, and a sweet Swain it is, Heaven knows — Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my Husband, and your Brother, and between both, is he not a sad Brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him; you're the best Judge.

Mrs. Sul. O Sister, Sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent Sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks;

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thinks:—There's some Diverſion in a talking Block-head, and ſince a Woman muſt wear Chains, I wou'd have the Pleaſure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you ſhall ſee; but take this by the way, He came home this Morning at his uſual Hour of Four, waken'd me out of a ſweet Dream of ſomething elſe, by tumbling over the Tea-Table, which he broke all to pieces; after his Man and he had rowl'd about the Room, like ſick Paſſengers in a Storm, he comes ſlounce into Bed, dead as a Salmon into a Fiſhmonger's Basket; his Feet cold as Ice, his Breath hot as a Furnace, and his Hands and his Face as greaſy as a Flannel Night-Cap---Oh Matrimony! Matrimony!—He toſſes up the Cloaths with a barbarous ſwing over his Shoulders, diſorders the whole Oeconomy of my Bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole Night's Comfort is the tuneable Serenade of that wakeful Nightingale, his Noſe—O the Pleaſure of counting the melancholy Clock by a ſnoaring Huſband!—But now, Siſter, you ſhall ſee how handſomely, being a well-bred Man, he will beg my Pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My Head akes conſumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleaſed, my Dear, to drink Tea with us this Morning? it may do your Head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, Brother?

Sul. Pſhaw!

Mrs. Sul. Will you pleaſe to dreſs, and go to Church with me? the Air may help you.

Sul. Scrub!

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What Day o'th' Week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a Dram; and, d'ye hear? ſet out the Veniſon-Paſty, and a Tankard of ſtrong Beer upon the Hall-Table, I'll go to Breakfaſt.

[*Going.*

Dor.

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Dor. Stay, stay, Brother, you sha'n't get off so; you were very naught last Night, and must make your Wife Reparation: come, come, Brother, won't you ask Pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sul. But I can't, Sir?

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sul. But I must tell you, Sir, that this is not to be born.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sul. What is the reason, Sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. *Scrub!*

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my Head. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Sul. Have a care of coming near his Temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the Edge of your Razor. [*Exit Scrub.*] Inveterate Stupidity! Did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a Spleen as his? O Sister, Sister! I shall never ha' good of the Beast till I get him to Town; *London*, dear *London* is the place for managing and breaking a Husband.

Dor. And has not a Husband the same Opportunities there for humbling a Wife?

Mrs. Sul. No, no, Child, 'tis a standing Maxim in conjugal Discipline, that when a Man wou'd enslave his Wife, he hurries her into the Country; and when a Lady would be arbitrary with her Husband, she wheedles her Booby up to Town——A Man dare not play the Tyrant in *London*, because there are so many Examples to encourage the Subject to rebel. O *Dorinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine Woman may do any thing in *London*; O' my Conscience, she may raise an Army of forty thousand Men.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, you have a Mind to be trying your Power that way here in *Litchfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your Colours already.

Mrs. Sul. The *French* are a People that can't live without their Gallantries.

Dor.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 21

Dor. And some *English* that I know, *Sister*, are not averſe to ſuch Amuſements.

Mrs. Sul. Well, *Sister*, ſince the Truth muſt out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargick, ſottiſh Huſband, is to give him a Rival; Security begets Negligence in all People, and Men muſt be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their Duty: Women are like Pictures, of no value in the hands of a Fool, till he hears Men of Senſe bid high for the Purchase.

Dor. This might do, *Sister*, if my Brother's Underſtanding were to be convinc'd into a Paſſion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural Averſion of his ſide, and I fancy, *Sister*, that you don't come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united Contradiſtions, Fire and Water. But I cou'd be contented, with a great many other Wives, to humour the cenſorious Vulgar, and give the World an Appearance of living well with my Huſband, cou'd I bring him but to diſſemble a little Kindneſs to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, *Sister*, but that inſtead of rousing your Huſband by this Artifice to a counterfeit Kindneſs, he ſhou'd awake in a real Fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him:—If I can't entice him to the one, I wou'd provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how muſt I behave myſelf between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You muſt aſſiſt me.

Dor. What, againſt my own Brother?

Mrs. Sul. He's but half a Brother, and I'm your entire Friend; If I go a Step beyond the Bounds of Honour, leave me; till then, I expect you ſhou'd go along with me in every thing; while I truſt my Honour in your Hands, you may truſt your Brother's in mine — The Count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, *Sister*, that I can't like that Man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your time is not come; Love and Death have their Fatalities, and ſtrike home one time or other: — You'll pay for all one Day, I warrant

22 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

warrant ye—But come, my Lady's Tea is ready, and 'tis almost Church-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Aim. And was she the Daughter of the House?

Arch. The Landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better Blood in her Veins.

Aim. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the Baggage has a pert *Ye-ne-say-quoi*, she reads Plays, keeps a Monkey, and is troubl'd with Vapours.

Aim. By which Discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the Lady gives herself Airs, forsooth, nothing under a Gentleman.

Aim. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o' that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your Sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Aimwell*, every Man in his own Sphere.

Aim. Right; and therefore you must pimp for your Master.

Arch. In the usual Forms, good Sir, after I have serv'd myself—But to our Business—You are so well dress'd, *Tom*, and make so handsome a Figure, that I fancy you may do Execution in a Country Church; the exterior Part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that Impression favourable.

Aim. There's something in that which may turn to Advantage: The Appearance of a Stranger in a Country Church, draws as many Gazers as a Blazing Star; no sooner he comes into the Cathedral, but a Train of Whippers runs buzzing round the Congregation in a moment:—Who is he? Whence comes he? Do you know him?—Then, I, Sir, tips me the Verger half a Crown; he pockets the Simony, and inducts me into the best Pew in the Church: I pull out my Snuff-Box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop, or Dean, if he be the commanding Officer; single out a Beauty, rivet both my

Eyes

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 23

Eyes to hers, set my Nose a bleeding by the Strength of Imagination, and shew the whole Church my Concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the Sermon, the whole Town gives me to her for a Lover, and by persuading the Lady that I am a dying for her, the Tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tom*, without a Precedent; but instead of riveting your Eyes to a Beauty, try to fix 'em upon a Fortune; that's our Business at present.

Aim. Pshaw, no Woman can be a Beauty without a Fortune.—Let me alone, for a Mark's-man.

Arch. *Tom!*

Aim. Ay.

Arch. When were you at Church before, pray?

Aim. Um——I was there at the Coronation.

Arch. And how can you expect a Blessing by going to Church now?

Aim. Blessing! nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a Wife!

[*Exit.*

Arch. Truly, the Man is not very unreasonable in his Demands.

[*Exit at the opposite Door.*

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

Bon. Well, Daughter, as the Saying is, have you brought *Martin* to confess?

Cher. Pray, Father, don't put me upon getting any thing out of a Man; I'm but young, you know, Father, and I don't understand Wheedling.

Bon. Young! why you Jade, as the Saying is, can any Woman wheedle that is not young? Your Mother was useless at five and twenty! Wou'd you make your Mother a Whore, and me a Cuckold, as the Saying is? I tell you his Silence confesses it, and his Master spends his Money so freely; and is so much a Gentleman every manner of way, that he must be a Highway-man.

Enter Gibbet in a Cloak.

Gib. Landlord, Landlord, is the Coast clear?

Bon. O, Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the News?

B

Gib.

24 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

Gib. No matter, ask no Questions; all fair and honourable. Here my dear *Cherry*. [*Gives her a Bag.*] Two hundred Sterling Pounds, as good as ever hang'd or sav'd a Rogue; lay 'em by with the rest: And here—Three Wedding—or Mourning Rings, 'tis much the same you know—Here, two Silver-hilted Swords: I took those from Fellows that never shew any part of their Swords but the Hilts: Here is a Diamond Necklace which the Lady hid in the privatest Place in the Coach, but I found it out. This Gold Watch I took from a Pawnbroker's Wife; it was left in her Hands by a Person of Quality, there's the Arms upon the Case.

Cher. But who had you the Money from?

Gib. Ah! poor Woman! I pitied her;—From a poor Lady just elop'd from her Husband, she had made up her Cargo, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she could drive; she told me of her Husband's barbarous Usage, and so 'faith I left her half a Crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a Present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A Pot of Ceruse, my Child, that I took out of a Lady's Under-Petticoat Pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint

Gib. Why, you Jade, your Betters do; I'm sure the Lady that I took it from had a Coronet upon her Handkerchief.—Here, take my Cloak, and go, secure the Premises.

Cher. I will secure 'em.

Bon. But heark'e, where's *Hounslow* and *Baseston*? [*Exit*]

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other Gentlemen o' the Part on this Road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the House just now.

Gib. The Devil! How d'ye smooke 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to Church.

Gib. To Church! That's suspicious, I must confess.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 25

Bon. And the other is now in his Master's Chamber; he pretends to be Servant to the other; we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin!

Enter Archer combing a Perriwig and singing.

Gib. The Roads are consumed deep; I'm as dirty as old Brentford at Christmas——A good pretty Fellow that; who's Servant are you, Friend?

Arch. My Master's.

Gib. Really?

Arch. Really.

Gib. That's much——The Fellow has been at the Bar by his Evasions.——But pray, Sir, what is your Master's Name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and combs the Perriwig.*] This is the most obstinate Curl——

Gib. I ask you his Name?

Arch. Name, Sir;——Tall, all, dall—I never ask'd him his Name in my Life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib. Plain, plain; he talks now as if he were before a Judge: But pray, Friend, which way does your Master travel?

Arch. A Horseback.

Gib. Very well again, an old Offender right——But, I mean, does he go upwards or downwards?

Arch. Downwards, I fear, Sir! Tall, all.

Gib. I'm afraid thy Fate will be a contrary way.

Bon. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Martin, you're very arch——This Gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and wou'd be glad of your Company, that's all——Come, Captain, you'll stay to-night, I suppose; I'll shew you a Chamber——Come, Captain.

Gib. Farewell, Friend——

Arch. Captain, your Servant——Captain! a pretty Fellow! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the Officers of the Army don't conspire to beat all Scoundrels in Red but their

OWN.

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Enter Cherry.

Cher. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not lister I wou'd have the Merit of the Discoverry all my own because I wou'd oblige him to love me. [*Aside.*] *Martin*, who was that Man with my Father?

Arch. Some Recruiting Serjeant, or whipp'd Trooper, I suppose.

Cher. All's safe, I find. [*Aside.*]

Arch. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the Catechize I taught you last Night?

Cher. Come, question me.

Arch. What is Love?

Cher. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not how, and goes I know not when.

Arch. Very well; an apt Scholar. [*Chucks her under the Chin.*] Where does Love enter?

Cher. Into the Eyes.

Arch. And where go out?

Cher. I won't tell you.

Arch. What are the Objects of that Passion?

Cher. Youth, Beauty, and clean Linnen.

Arch. The Reason?

Cher. The two first are fashionable in Nature, and the third at Court.

Arch. That's my Dear: What are the Signs and Tokens of that Passion?

Cher. A stealing Look, a stammering Tongue, Words improbable, Designs impossible, and Actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good Child, kiss me. ———— What must a Lover do to obtain his Mistress?

Cher. He must adore the Person that disdains him, must bribe the Chambermaid that betrays him, and court the Footman that laughs at him! ———— He must he must ————

Arch. Nay, Child, I must whip you if you do mind your Lesson; he must treat his ————

Cher. O! ay. He must treat his Enemies with Respect his Friends with Indifference, and all the World with

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 27

Contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his Ruin, and throw himself away

Arch. Had ever Man so hopeful a Pupil as mine?

Come, my Dear, why is Love call'd a Riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and tho' a Child, he governs a Man.

Arch. Mighty well!—And why is Love pictur'd blind?

Cher. Because the Painters out of their Weakness or Privilege of their Art, chose to hide those Eyes they cou'd not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little Scholar, kifs me again.—And why shou'd Love, that's a Child, govern a Man?

Cher. Because that a Child is the End of Love.

Arch. And so ends Love's Catechism.—And now, my Dear, we'll go in and make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*—You have taken a great deal of Pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it.

Arch. What?

Cher. That your Discourse and your Habit are Contradictions, and it wou'd be Nonsense in me to believe you a Footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a Witch it is?

Cher. Depend upon this, Sir, nothing in that Garb shall ever tempt me; for tho' I was born to Servitude, I hate it:—Own your Condition, swear you love me, and then——

Arch. And then we shall go make my Master's Bed.

Cher. Yes.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a Gentleman; my Education was liberal, but I went to *London* a younger Brother, fell into the Hands of Sharpers, who stript me of my Money, my Friends disown'd me, and now my Necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my Hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you Master of two thousand Pounds.

Arch. How!

28 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Cher. Two thousand Pound that I have this Minute in my own Custody; so throw off your Livery this instant, and I'll go find a Parson.

Arch. What said you? a Parson?

Cher. What! do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no; but—two thousand Pound you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?——But heark! Child, what need you make me Master of your self and Money, when you may have the same Pleasure out of me, and still keep your Fortune in your own Hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I wou'd marry you, but——

Cher. O sweet Sir, I'm your humble Servant, you're fairly caught: Wou'd you persuade me that any Gentleman who cou'd bear the Scandal of wearing a Livery wou'd refuse two thousand Pound, let the Condition be what it wou'd—no, no, Sir,—but I hope you'll pardon the Freedoms I have taken, since it was only to inform my self of the Respect that I ought to pay you. [*Going*]

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*——Hold, Hold, and have you actually two thousand Pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my Secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free; and be assur'd that I have Discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will——In the mean while, be satisfied that no Discovery I make shall ever hurt you; but beware of my Father—— [*Exit*]

Arch. So—we're like to have as many Adventures in our Inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his——let me see—two thousand Pounds! If the Wench wou'd promise to die when the Money were spent, I'gad, one wou'd marry her; but the Fortune may go off in a Year or two, and the Wife may live——Lord knows how long! Then an Inn-Keeper's Daughter; ay, that's the Devil——there my Pride brings me off.

*For whatso'er the Sages charge on Pride,
The Angels Fall and twenty Faults beside;*

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 29

*On Earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal Calling,
Pride saves Man oft, and Woman too from falling.*

[Exit.

The END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen, and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. **H**A, ha, ha, my dear Sister, let me embrace thee; now we are Friends indeed; for I shall have a Secret of yours, as a Pledge for mine—— now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the Subjects of the Sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in Love with a Fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all; why shou'd not we be as free in our Friendships as the Men? I warrant you the Gentleman has got to his Confident already, has avow'd his Passion, toasted your Health, call'd you ten thousand Angels, has run over your Lips, Eyes, Neck, Shape, Air, and every thing, in a Description that warns their Mirth to a second Enjoyment.

Dor. Your Hand, Sister, I a'nt well.

Mrs. Sul. So—she's Breeding already—come, Child, up with it—hem a little—so——now tell me, don't you like the Gentleman that we saw at Church just now?

Dor. The Man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a Demi-God, a *Narcissus*, a Star, the Man i' the Moon?

Dor. O Sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your Mother, Child, for a little of her Cephalick Plaister to put to the Soles of your Feet? or shall I send to the Gentleman for something for you?——Come, unlace your Stays, unbosome your

30 *The* BEAUX STRATAGEM.

self—the Man is perfectly a pretty Fellow, I saw him when he first came into Church.

Dor. I saw him too, Sister, and with an Air that shone, methought, like Rays about his Person.

Mrs. Sul. Well said, up with it.

Dor. No forward Coquet Behaviour, no Airs to set him off, no studied Looks, nor artful Posture,—but Nature did it all——

Mrs. Sul. Better and better—one Touch more—come——

Dor. But then his Looks—did you observe his Eyes?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, I did—his Eyes, well, what of his Eyes?

Dor. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seem'd to view, but never gaz'd on any thing but me:—and then his Looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aim'd to tell me that he cou'd with Pride die at my Feet, tho' he scorn'd Slavery any where else.

Mrs. Sul. The Physick works purely—How d'ye find your self now, my Dear?

Dor. Hem! Much better, my Dear—O, here comes our Mercury! [*Enter Scrub*] Well, *Scrub*, what News of the Gentleman?

Scrub. Madam, I have brought you a whole Pacquet of News.

Dor. Open it quickly, come.

Scrub. In the first place I enquir'd who the Gentleman was? They told me he was a Stranger. Secondly, I ask'd what the Gentleman was? They answer'd and said, That they never saw him before. Thirdly, I enquir'd what Countryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they knew. Fourthly, I demanded whence he came? Their Answer was, they cou'd not tell. And Fifthly, I ask'd whither he went? And they replied, they knew nothing of the Matter.—And this is all I cou'd learn.

Mrs. Sul. But what do the People say? Can't they guess?

Scrub. Why, some think he's a Spy, some guess he's a Mountebank, some say one thing, some another; but for my own part, I believe he's a Jesuit.

Dor.

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 31

Dor. A Jesuit! Why a Jesuit?

Scrub. Because he keeps his Horses always ready saddled, and his Footman talks *French*.

Mrs. Sul. His Footman!

Scrub. Ay, he and the Count's Footman were gabbering *French* like two intriguing Ducks in a Mill-pond; and I believe they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

Dor. What sort of Livery has the Footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, Madam, I took him for a Captain, he's so bedizen'd with Lace, and then he has Tops to his Shoes, up to his mid-Leg, a Silver-headed Cane dangling at his Knuckles—he carries his Hands in his Pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a French Air.*] and has a fine long Perriwig tied up in a Bag—Lord, Madam, he's clear another sort of a Man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be—but what shall we do now, Sister?

Dor. I have it——This Fellow has a World of Simplicity, and some Cunning; the first hides the latter by abundance——*Scrub!*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this Gentleman is, only for our Satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, it wou'd be a Satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his Footman, and invite him hither to drink a Bottle of your Ale; because you're Butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, Madam, I am Butler every *Sunday*.

Mrs. Sul. O brave Sister! o' my Conscience, you understand the Mathematicks already:—'Tis the best Plot in the World; your Mother, you know, will be gone to Church, my Spouse will be got to the Ale-house with his Scoundrels, and the House will be our own——so we drop in by accident, and ask the Fellow some Questions our selves. In the Country, you know, any Stranger is Company, and we're glad to take up with the Butler in a Country-Dance, and happy if he'll do us the Favour.

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Scrub. Oh! Madam, you wrong me; I never refus'd your Ladyship the Favour in my Life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, Dinner's upon Table.

Dor. Scrub, we'll excuse your Waiting.——Go where we order'd you.

SCENE changes to the Inn.

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you're a Marksman.

Aim. A Marksman! who so blind cou'd be, as not discern a Swan among the Ravens!

Arch. Well but heark'e, *Aimwell.*

Aim. *Aimwell!* call me *Oroondates, Cefario, Amadis,* all that Romance can in a Lover paint, and then I'll answer. O *Archer,* I read her Thousands in her Looks; she look'd like *Ceres* in her Harvest; Corn, Wine and Oil, Milk and Honey, Gardens, Groves, and purling Streams, play'd on her plenteous Face.

Arch. Her Face! her Pocket, you mean; the Corn, Wine, and Oil, lies there. In short, she has ten thousand Pound, that's the *English* on't.

Aim. Her Eyes——

Arch. Are Demi-Cannons, to be sure; so I won't stand their Battery. [Going.]

Aim. Pray excuse me, my Passion must have Vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these Romantick Airs will do our Business? Were my Temper as extravagant as yours, my Adventures have something more Romantick by half.

Aim. Your Adventures!

Arch. Yes.

*The Nymph, that with her twice ten hundred Pounds,
With brazen Engine hot, and Quoif clear starch'd,
Can fire the Guest in warming of the Bed——*

There's

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 33

There's a Touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the Subject but an Inn-keeper's Daughter: I can play with a Girl as an Angler does with his Fish; he keeps it at the End of his Line, runs it up the Stream, and down the Stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the Trout, and so whips it into his Basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the Saying is—yonder's an honest Fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* Butler, who begs the Honour that you wou'd go home with him and see his Cellar.

Arch. Do my *Bassemains* to the Gentleman, and tell him I will do my self the Honour to wait on him immediately, as the Saying is.

Bon. I shall do your Worship's Commands, as the Saying is. *[Exit bowing obsequiously.]*

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Toftida* sing?

Arch. Pshaw! damn your Raptures; I tell you here's a Pump going to be put into the Vessel, and the Ship will get into Harbour, my Life on't. You say, there's another Lady very handsome there.

Aim. Yes Faith.

Arch. I'm in Love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a Bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time?

Arch. No, no, Friend; all her Corn, Wine, and Oil, is ingross'd to my Market.—And once more I warn you, to keep your Anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this Light, you shall go to the bottom.—What! make Prize of my little Frigate, while I am upon the Cruise for you! *[Exit.]*

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't.—Landlord, have you any tolerable Company in the House? I don't care for lining alone.

Bon. Yes, Sir, there's a Captain below, as the Saying is, that arriv'd about an Hour ago.

Aim

34 *The BEAUX STRATAGEM.*

Aim. Gentlemen of his Coat are welcome every where: Will you make him a Compliment from me, and tell him I shou'd be glad of his Company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, Sir, wou'd——

Aim. Ha! that Stroak was well thrown in——
I'm only a Traveller, like himself, and wou'd be glad of his Company; that's all.

Bon. I obey your Commands, as the Saying is. [*Exit.*]

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot: What Title will you give your self?

Aim. My Brother's, to be sure; he wou'd never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his Honour this bout.——You know the rest of your Cue.

Arch. Ay, ay.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, Sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, Sir, for you never saw me before——I hope. [*Afide.*]

Arch. And pray, Sir, how came I by the Honour of seeing you now?

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any Gentleman——but my Landlord——

Aim. O, Sir, I ask your Pardon; you're the Captain he told me of.

Gib. At your Service, Sir.

Aim. What Regiment? may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching Regiment, Sir, an old Corps.

Aim. Very old, if your Coat be Regimental. [*Afide.*]
You have serv'd abroad, Sir?

Gib. Yes, Sir, in the Plantations; 'twas my Lot to be sent into the worst Service; I wou'd have quitted it indeed, but a Man of Honour, you know——Besides, 'twas for the good of my Country that I shou'd be a broad:——Any thing for the good of one's Country——
I'm a *Roman* for that.

Aim.

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Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my Life. [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, Sir, ha'n't I seen your Face at *Will's* Coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, Sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your Company now, Captain?

Gib. They a'n't come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, Sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. A-cross the Country. — The Devil's in't, if I ha'n't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right; I must tack about. [*Aside.*]

Aim. Is your Company to quarter at *Litchfield*?

Gib. In this House, Sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My Company's but thin, ha, ha, ha; we are but three, ha, ha, ha.

Aim. You're merry, Sir.

Gib. Ay, Sir, you must excuse me, Sir, I understand the World, especially the Art of Travelling: I don't care, Sir, for answering Questions directly upon the Road — for I generally ride with a Charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*]

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are Highwaymen upon this Quarter; not, Sir, that I cou'd suspect a Gentleman of your Figure—But truly, Sir, I have got such a way of Evasion upon the Road, that I don't care for speaking Truth to any Man.

Aim. Your Caution may be necessary——Then I presume you're no Captain.

Gib. Not I, Sir; Captain is a good travelling Name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish Enquiries that are generally made about Gentlemen that travel; it gives a Man an Air of something, and makes the Drawers obedient.——And thus far I'm a Captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, Sir, what is your true Profession?

Gib.

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Gib. O, Sir, you must excuse me——upon my Word, Sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha, upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the News?

Bon. There's another Gentleman below, as the Saying is, that hearing you were but two, wou'd be glad to make a third Man, if you wou'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A Clergyman, as the Saying is.

Aim. A Clergyman! is he really a Clergyman? or, is it only his travelling Name, as my Friend the Captain has it?

Bon. O, Sir, he's a Priest, and Chaplain to the French Officers in Town.

Aim. Is he a Frenchman?

Bon. Yes, Sir, born at *Brussels*.

Gib. A Frenchman, and a Priest! I won't be seen in his Company, Sir; I have a value for my Reputation, Sir.

Aim. Nay, but Captain, since we are by our selves——Can he speak *English*, Landlord?

Bon. Very well, Sir; you may know him, as the Saying is, to be a Foreigner by his Accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, Sir; but he's a Master of Languages, as the Saying is; he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you understand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*?

Bon. Not I, Sir, as the Saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray, desire him to walk up.

Bon. Here he is, as the Saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, Gentlemens bote.

Aim. A Frenchman! Sir, your most humble Servant.

Foig. Och, dear Joy, I am your most faithful Servant, and yours also.

Gib.

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Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *English*, but you have a mighty Twang of the Foreigner.

Foig. My *English* is very well for the words, but we Foreigners, you know, cannot bring our Tongues about the Pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A Foreigner! a downright Teague, by this Light, [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Brussels*: I am a Subject of the King of *Spain*, Joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, Sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, Joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, Captain, that was too hard upon the Doctor, he's a Stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear Joy, I am of a Nation that is not easily put out of Countenance.

Aim. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Dispute—— Here, Landlord, is Dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the Table, as the Saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen——pray——that Door——

Foig. No, no, fait, the Captain must lead.

Aim. No, Doctor, the Chuch is our Guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is——

[Exit foremost, they follow.]

SCENE changes to a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Archer and Scrub singing, and bugging one another; Scrub with a Tankard in his Hand, Gipsy listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tall, all, Dall——Come, my dear Boy—— let us have that Song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the Family: But will you be sure to keep the Secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my Honour, as I'm a Gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——You must know then, that my Master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a Duel t'other Day in *London*, wounded his Man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hear whether the Gentleman's Wounds be mortal or not: He never was
in

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in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this Place, that's all.

Gip. And that's enough for me. [Exit.]

Scrub. And where were you when your Master fought?

Arch. We never know of our Masters Quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our Masters in the Country here receive a Challenge, the first thing they do is to tell their Wives; the Wife tells the Servants, the Servants alarm the Tenants, and in half an Hour, you shall have the whole Country up in Arms.

Arch. To hinder two Men from doing what they have no mind for——But if you should chance to talk now of this Business?

Scrub. Talk! ah, Sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never liv'd so long in a great Family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are Secrets in all Families.

Scrub. Secrets, O Lud!——but I'll say no more——Come sit down, we'll make an end of our Tankard: Here——

Arch. With all my Heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh——Here's your Ladies Health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be Secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! Ah! Friend, Friend, I wish I had a Friend——

Arch. Am not I your Friend? Come, you and I will be sworn Brothers.

Scrub. Shall we?

Arch. From this Minute——Give me a Kiss——And now Brother *Scrub*——

Scrub. And now Brother *Martin*, I will tell you a Secret that will make your Hair stand an end——You must know, that I am consumedly in Love.

Arch. That's a terrible Secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That Jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the Cellar, is the arrantest Whore that ever wore a Petticoat:——I'm dying for Love of her.

Arch.

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Arch. Ha, ha, ha——Are you in love with her Person, or her Virtue, Brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like Virtue best, because it is more durable than Beauty; for Virtue holds good with some Women long, and many a Day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the Country, I grant ye, where no Woman's Virtue is lost, till a Bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a Bastard, I shou'd have her all to my self; but I dare not put it upon that Lay, for fear of being sent for a Soldier——Pray, Brother how do you Gentlemen in *London* like that same Pressing Act?

Arch. Very ill, Brother *Scrub*;——'Tis the worst that ever was made for us:——Formerly I remember the good Days when we cou'd dun our Masters for our Wages, and if they refus'd to pay us, we cou'd have a Warrant to carry 'em before a Justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a Warrant for us, and carry us before three Justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go if we talk of eating: for the Justices won't give their own Servants a bad Example. Now this is my Misfortune—I dare not speak in the House while that Jade, *Gipsy*, dings about like a Fury——Once I had the better end of the Staff.

Arch. And how comes the Change now?

Scrub. Why the Mother of all this Mischief is a Priest.

Arch. A Priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd Son of a Whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say Grace to the *French* Officers and eat up our Provisions——There's not a Day goes over his Head without a Dinner or Supper in this House.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the Family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had liv'd here all his Life, and tells Lyes as if he had been a Traveller from his Cradle.

Arch. And this Priest, I'm afraid, has converted the Affections of your *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear Friend——For, I'm afraid, he has made her a Whore and a Papist——But this is not all; there's the *French* Count and
Mrs.

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Mrs. Sullen, they're in the Confederacy, and for some private Ends of their own too, to be sure.

Arch. A very hopeful Family yours, Brother Scrub. I suppose the Maiden Lady has her Lover too.

Scrub. Not that I know—She's the best on 'em, that's the truth on't: But they take care to prevent my Curiosity, by giving me so much Business, that I'm a perfect Slave—What do you think is my Place in this Family?

Arch. Butler, I suppose.

Scrub. Ah, Lord help you——I'll tell you——On Monday I drive the Coach, on a Tuesday I drive the Plough, on Wednesday I follow the Hounds, a Thursday I dun the Tenants, on Friday go to Market, on Saturday I draw Warrants, and a Sunday draw Beer.

Arch. Ha! ha! ha! If Variety be a Pleasure in Life, you have enough on't, my dear Brother——But what Ladies are those?

Scrub. Ours, ours; that upon the right Hand is Mrs. Sullen, the other is Mrs. Dorinda——Don't mind 'em, sit still, Man——

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my Brother talk of my Lord *Simwell*, but they say that his Brother is the finer Gentleman.

Dor. That's impossible, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close, they say.

Dor. No matter for that; If I can creep into his Heart, I'll open his Breast, I warrant him: I have heard say, the People may be guess'd at by the Behaviour of their Servants, I could wish we might talk to that Fellow.

Mrs. Sul. So do I; for I think he's a very pretty Fellow: Come this way, I'll throw a Lure for him presently.

[They walk a turn towards the opposite side of the Stage, Mrs. Sullen drops her Fan, Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it her.]

Arch. Corn, Wine, and Oil indeed——But, I think, the Wife has the greatest Plenty of Flesh and Blood: she shou'd

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Should be my Choice——Ay, ay, say you so——Madam.
——Your Ladyship's Fan.

Mrs. Sul. O Sir, I thank you——What a handsome
Bow the Fellow made!

Dor. Bow! Why, I have known several Footmen come
down from *London*, set up here for Dancing-Masters,
and carry off the best Fortunes in the Country.

Arch. [*Aside.*]. That Project, for aught I know, had
been better than ours——Brother *Scrub*, why don't
you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange Gentleman's Servant
that you saw at Church to-day; I understood he came
from *London*, and so I invited him to the Cellar, that he
might shew me the newest Flourish in whetting my
Knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, Madam, but the Strength of your La-
dyship's Liquor is a little too potent for the Constitution
of your humble Servant.

Mrs. Sul. What then you don't usually drink Ale?

Arch. No, Madam, my constant Drink is Tea, or a
little Wine and Water; 'tis prescrib'd me by the Phy-
sicians for a Remedy against the Spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la!——A Footman have the Spleen.—

Mrs. Sul. I thought that Distemper had been only
proper to People of Quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other Fashions it wears out,
and so descends to their Servants; tho' in a great many
of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy
Particles in the Blood, occasion'd by the Stagnation of
Wages.

Dor. How affectedly the Fellow talks! ——How
long, pray, have you serv'd your present Master?

Arch. Not long; my Life has been mostly spent in
the Service of the Ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray which Service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the Ladies pay best; the Honour of
serving them is sufficient Wages: there is a Charm in
their Looks that delivers a Pleasure with their Com-
mands, and gives our Duty the Wings of Inclination.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Sul. That Flight was above the Pitch of a Lady very; and Sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a Lady again?

Arch. As Groom of the Chambers, Madam, but not as a Footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you serv'd as Footman before?

Arch. For that Reason I would not serve in that Post again; for my Memory is too weak for the Load of Messages that the Ladies lay upon their Servants in London: My Lady Howd'ye, the last Mistress I serv'd, call'd me up one Morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allnight* with my humble Service; tell her I was to wait on her Ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the Preliminaries of the Affair she knows of, are stopt till we know the Concurrence of the Person that I know of, for which there are Circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old Place; but that in the mean time there is a Person about her Ladyship, that from several Hints and Surmises, was necessary at a certain time to the Disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her Knowledge are of more Importance——

Mrs. Sul. { *Dor.* Ha, ha, where are you going, Sir?

Arch. Why, I ha'n't half done —— The whole Howd'ye was about half an Hour long; so happen'd to misplace two Syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable.

Dor. The pleasantest Fellow, Sister, I ever saw. — But, Friend, if your Master be married, — I presume you still serve a Lady.

Arch. No, Madam, I take care never to come into a married Family; the Commands of the Master and Mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main Point gain'd. —— My Lord is not married, I find. [Aside.

Mrs. Sul. But I wonder, Friend, that in so many good Services, you had not a better Provision made for you.

Arch.

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Arch. I don't know how, Madam—I had a Lieutenancy offer'd me three or four times; but that is not Bread, Madam—I live much better as I do.

Scrub. Madam, he sings rarely—I was thought to do pretty well here in the Country till he came; but alack-a-day, I'm nothing to my Brother *Martin*.

Dor. Does he? Pray, Sir, will you oblige us with a Song?

Arch. Are you for Passion or Humour?

Scrub. O la! He has the purest Ballad about a Trifle.

Mrs. Sul. A Trifle! Pray, Sir, let's have it.

Arch. I'm asham'd to offer you a Trifle, Madam: But since you command me—

[Sings to the Tune of Sir Simon the King.

*A Trifling Song you shall hear,
Begin with a Trifle and ended, &c.*

Mrs. Sul. Very well, Sir, we are oblig'd to you—
Something for a Pair of Gloves.

[Offering him Money.

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excus'd: My Master, Madam, pays me; nor dare I take Money from any other Hands, without injuring his Honour, and disobeying his Commands.

[Exit.

Dor. This is surprizing: Did you ever see so pretty a well-bred Fellow?

Mrs. Sul. The Devil take him for wearing that Livery.

Dor. I fancy, Sister, he may be some Gentleman, a Friend of my Lord's, that his Lordship has pitch'd upon for his Courage, Fidelity, and Discretion, to bear him Company in this Dress, and who ten to one was his Second.

Mrs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—
For I like him.

Dor. What! better than the Count?

Mrs. Sul. The Count happen'd to be the most agreeable Man upon the Place: and so I chose him to serve me

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me in my Design upon my Husband——But I should like this Fellow better in a Design upon my self.

Dor. But now, Sister, for an Interview with this Lord, and this Gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

Mrs. Sul. Patience! you Country Ladies give no Quarter, if once you be enter'd! —— Wou'd you prevent their Desires, and give the Fellows no wishing time——Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my Lord *Aimwell* loves you, or deserves you, he'll find a Way to see you, and there we must leave it——My Business comes now upon the *Tapis*——have you prepar'd your Brother?

Dor. Yes, yes.

Mrs. Sul. He said little, mumbled something to himself, and promis'd to be guided by me: But here he comes——

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What Singing was that I heard just now?

Mrs. Sul. The Singing in your Head, my Dear, you complain'd of it all Day.

Sul. You're impertinent.

Mrs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one Flesh with you.

Sul. One Flesh! rather two Carcasses join'd unnaturally together.

Mrs. Sul. Or rather a living Soul coupled to a dead Body.

Dor. So, this is fine Encouragement for me!

Sul. Yes, my Wife shews you what you must do!

Mrs. Sul. And my Husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e——[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late.

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to you?

Dor.

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Dor. That he would go round the back way, come into the Closet, and listen as I directed him — But let me beg once more, dear Sister, to drop this Project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to Kindness, you may provoke him to Rage; and then who knows how far his Brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you: But here comes the Count; vanish.

[Exit Dorinda.]

* Enter Count Bellair.

Don't you wonder, Monsieur le Count, that I was not at Church this Afternoon?

Count. I more wonder, Madam, that you go dere at all, or how you dare lift those Eyes to Heaven that are guilty of so much killing.

Mrs. Sul. If Heaven, Sir, has given to my Eyes the Power of killing, with the Virtue of making a Cure, I hope the one may atone for the other.

Count. O largely, Madam, wou'd your Ladyship be as ready to apply the Remedy, as to give the Wound — Consider, Madam, I am doubly a Prisoner; first to the Arms of your General, then to your more conquering Eyes; my first Chains are easy; there a Ransom may redeem me; but from your Fetters I never shall get free.

Mrs. Sul. Alas, Sir! Why shou'd you complain to me of your Captivity, who am in Chains myself? You know, Sir, that I am bound, nay, must be tied up in that Particular that might give you Ease: I am like you, a Prisoner of War — of War indeed — I have given my Parole of Honour; would you break yours to gain your Liberty?

* This Scene printed in *Italick*, with the entire Part of the Count, was cut out by the Author, after the first Night's Representation; and where he shou'd enter in the last Scene of the fifth Act, it is added to the Part of Feigard.

Count.

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Count. Most certainly I wou'd, were I a Prisoner among the Turks; dis is your Case, you're a Slave, Madam, Slave to the worst of Turks; a Husband.

Mrs. Sul. There lies my Foible, I confess; no Fortifications, no Courage, Conduct, nor Vigilancy, can pretend to defend a Place, where the Cruelty of the Governour forces the Garison to mutiny.

Count. And where de Besieger is resolv'd to die before de Place ——— Here will I fix; [Kneels] with Tears, Vows, and Prayers, assault your Heart, and never retire till you surrender; or if I must storm ——— Love and St. Michael ——— and so I begin the Attack ———

Mrs. Sul. Stand off! ——— Sure he hears me not; ——— and I cou'd almost wish ——— he did not ——— The Favour makes Love very prettily. [Aside.] But, Sir, would you put such a Value upon my Person, when you see it despis'd by one that knows it so much better?

Count. He knows it not, though he possesses it; if he knew the Value of the Jewel he is Master of, he would always wear it next his Heart, and sleep with it in his Arms.

Mrs. Sul. But since he throws me unregarded from him ———

Count. And one that knows your Value well, comes by, and takes you up, is it not Justice?

[Goes to lay hold of her]

Enter Sullen with his Sword drawn.

Sul. Hold, Villain, hold.

Mrs. Sul. [Presenting a Pistol.] Do you hold.

Sul. What! Murther your Husband, to defend your Bully?

Mrs. Sul. Bully! For shame, Mr. Sullen, Bullies wear long Swords, the Gentleman has none; he's a Prisoner, you know ——— I was aware of your Outrage, and prepared this to receive your Violence; and, if occasion were, to preserve myself against the Force of this other Gentleman.

Count. O Madam, your Eyes be better Fire-arms than your Pistol; they never miss.

Sul

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Sul. *What! court my Wife to my Face!*

Mrs. Sul. *Pray Mr. Sullen, put up, suspend your Fury for a Minute.*

Sul. *To give time to invent an Excuse.*

Mrs. Sul. *I need none.*

Sul. *No, for I heard every Syllable of your Discourse.*

Count. *Ab! And begar, I tink de Dialogue was vera pretty.*

Mrs. Sul. *Then, I suppose, Sir, you heard something of your own Barbarity.*

Sul. *Barbarity! Oons, what does the Woman call Barbarity? Do I ever meddle with you?*

Mrs. Sul. *No.*

Sul. *As for you, Sir, I shall take another time.*

Count. *Ab, begar, so must I.*

Sul. *Look'e, Madam, don't think that my Anger proceeds from any Concern I have for your Honour, but for my own; and if you can contrive any way of being a Whore without making me a Cuckold, do it and welcome.*

Mrs. Sul. *Sir, I thank you kindly; you wou'd allow me the Sin, but rob me of the Pleasure.—No, no, I'm resolv'd never to venture upon the Crime, without the Satisfaction of seeing you punish'd for't.*

Sul. *Then will you grant me this, my Dear? Let any body else do you the Favour but that Frenchman, for I mortally hate his whole Generation.* [Exit.

Count. *Ab, Sir, that be ungrateful; for begar, I love some of yours: Madam——*

Mrs. Sul. *No, Sir——*

Count. *No, Sir!——Garzoon, Madam, I am not your Husband.*

Mrs. Sul. *'Tis time to undeceive you, Sir;—I believ'd your Addresses to me were no more than an Amusement, and I hope you will think the same of my Complaisance; and to convince you that you ought, you must know, that I brought you hither only to make you Instrumental in setting me right with my Husband; for he was plant-ed to listen by my Appointment.*

Count. *By your Appointment?*

Mrs. Sul. *Certainly.*

C

Count.

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Count. *And so, Madam, while I was telling twenty Stories to part you from your Husband, begar, I was bringing you together all the while.*

Mrs. Sul. *I ask your Pardon, Sir; but I hope this will give you a Taste of the Virtue of the English Ladies.*

Count. *Begar, Madam, your Virtue be vera great, but Garzoon, your Honeste be vera little.*

Enter Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. *Nay, now you're angry, Sir.*

Count. *Angry! Fair Dorinda, [Sings fair Dorinda the Opera Tune, and addresses to Dorinda.] Madam, when your Ladyship wants a Fool, send for me: Fair Dorinda, Revenge, &c.* [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. *There goes the true Humour of his Nation, Resentment with good Manners, and the Height of Anger in a Song——Well, Sister, you must be Judge, for you have heard the Trial.*

Dor. *And I bring in my Brother guilty.*

Mrs. Sul. *But I must bear the Punishment——'Tis hard, Sister.*

Dor. *I own it—but you must have Patience.*

Mrs. Sul. *Patience! The Cant of Custom—Providence sends no Evil without a Remedy—shou'd I lie groaning under a Yoke I can shake off, I were accessary to my Ruin, and my Patience were no better than Self-Murther.*

Dor. *But how can you shake off the Yoke?——Your Divisions don't come within the Reach of the Law, for a Divorce.*

Mrs. Sul. *Law! What Law can search into the remote Abyss of Nature? what Evidence can prove the unaccountable Disaffections of Wedlock?——Can a Jury sum up the endless Aversions that are rooted in our Souls, or can a Bench give Judgement upon Antipathies?*

Dor. *They never pretended, Sister; they never meddl'd, but in case of Uncleanness.*

Mrs. Sul. *Uncleanness! O Sister! Casual Violation is a transient Injury, and may possibly be repair'd; but can radical Hatreas be ever reconcil'd?—No, no, Sister, Nature is the first Lawgiver, and when she has set Tempers*
opposit,

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*opposite, not all the Golden Links of Wedlock, nor Iron
Manacles of Law, can keep 'em fast.*

Wedlock we own ordain'd by Heaven's Decree,
But such as Heav'n ordain'd it first to be;
Concurring Tempers in the Man and Wife,
As mutual Helps to draw the Load of Life.
View all the Works of Providence above,
The Stars with Harmony and Concord move;
View all the Works of Providence below,
The Fire, the Water, Earth, and Air we know,
All in one Plant agree to make it grow.
Must Man, the chiefest Work of Art Divine,
Be doom'd in endless Discord to repine?
No, we shou'd injure Heav'n by that Surmise;
Omnipotence is just, were Man but wise.

The END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter Mrs. Sullen.

Mrs.Sul. **W**ERE I born an humble *Turk*, where
Women have no Soul nor Property,
there I must sit contented.——But in *England*, a
Country whose Women are its Glory, must Women be
abus'd? Where Women rule, must Women be enslav'd?
Nay, cheated into Slavery? mock'd by a Promise of
comfortable Society into a Wilderness of Solitude?——
I dare not keep the Thought about me.——O! here
comes something to divert me——

Enter a Country Woman.

Wom. I come a'n't please your Ladyship——you're
my Lady Bountiful, a'n't ye?

C 2

Mrs.

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Mrs. Sul. Well, good Woman, go on.

Wom. I come seventeen long Mail to have a Cure for my Husband's fore Leg.

Mrs. Sul. Your Husband! what, Woman, cure your Husband!

Wom. Ay, poor Man, for his fore Leg won't let him stir from home.

Mrs. Sul. There, I confess you have given me Reason. Well, good Woman, I'll tell you what you must do——You must lay your Husband's Leg upon a Table, and with a Chopping-knife you must lay it open as broad as you can, then you must take out the Bone, and beat the Flesh soundly with a Rolling-pin; then take Salt, Pepper, Cloves, Mace, and Ginger, some Sweet-herbs, and season it very well; then roll it like Brawn, and put it into the Oven for two Hours.

Wom. Heaven reward your Ladyship—I have two little Babies too that are piteous bad with the Graips a'n't please ye.

Mrs. Sul. Put a little Pepper and Salt in their Bellies good Woman. [*Enter Lady Bountiful.*] I beg your Ladyship's Pardon for taking your Business out of your Hands, I have been a tampering here a little with one of your Patients.

L. Boun. Come, good Woman, don't mind this man Creature; I am the Person that you want, I suppose—What wou'd you have, Woman?

Mrs. Sul. She wants something for her Husband's fore Leg.

L. Bount. What's the matter with his Leg, Goody?

Wom. It come first, as one might say, with a sort of Dizziness in his Foot, then he had a kind of Laziness in his Joints, and then his Leg broke out, and then it swell'd, and then it clos'd again, and then it broke out again, and then it fester'd, and then it grew better, and then it grew worse again.

Mrs. Sul. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Bount. How can you be merry with the Misfortunes of other People?

Mrs. Sul.

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Mrs. *Sul.* Because my own make me sad, Madam.

L. *Bount.* The worst Reason in the World, Daughter; your own Misfortunes shou'd teach you to pity others.

Mrs. *Sul.* But the Woman's Misfortunes and mine are nothing alike; her Husband is sick, and mine, alas! is in Health.

L. *Bount.* What! would you wish your Husband sick?

Mrs. *Sul.* Not of a fore Leg, of all things.

L. *Bount.* Well, good Woman, go to the Pantry, get your Belly full of Victuals, then I'll give you a Receipt of Diet-drink for your Husband.——But d'ye hear, Goody, you must not let your Husband move too much.

Wom. No, no, Madam; the poor Man's inclinable enough to lie still. [Exit.]

L. *Bount.* Well, Daughter *Sullen*, tho' you laugh, I have done Miracles about the Country here with my Receipts.

Mrs. *Sul.* Miracles indeed, if they have cur'd any body; but, I believe, Madam, the Patient's Faith goes farther toward the Miracle than your Prescription.

L. *Bount.* Fancy helps in some Cases; but there's your Husband, who has as little Fancy as any body, I brought him from Death's door.

Mrs. *Sul.* I suppose, Madam, you made him drink plentifully of As's Milk.

Enter Dorinda, runs to Mrs. Sullen.

Dor. News, dear Sister, News, News!

Enter Archer, running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?——
Pray which is the old Lady of you three?

L. *Bount.* I am.

Arch. O, Madam, the Fame of your Ladyship's Charity, Goodness, Benevolence, Skill and Ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's Help in behalf of my unfortunate Master, who is this Moment breathing his last.

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L. Boun. Your Master! Where is he?

Arch. At your Gate, Madam, drawn by the Appearance of your handsome House to view it nearer, and walking up the Avenue within five Paces of the Courtyard, he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsy*, all run, get my Easy Chair down Stairs, put the Gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for the charitable Act.

L. Boun. Is your Master us'd to these Fits?

Arch. O Yes, Madam, frequently;—I have known him have five or six of a Night.

L. Boun. What's his Name?

Arch. Lord, Madam, he's a dying; a Minute's Care or Neglect may save or destroy his Life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor Gentleman! Come, Friend, show me the way; I'll see him brought in my self.

[Exit with *Arch.*]

Dor. O, Sister, my Heart flutters about strangely; I can hardly forbear running to his Assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my Life he deserves your Assistance more than he wants it: Did not I tell you that my Lord wou'd find a way to come at you? Love his Distemper, and you must be the Physician; put all your Charms, summon all your Fire into your Eyes, plant the whole Artillery of your Looks against his Breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, Sister, I'm but a young Gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the Piece shou'd recoil, and hurt my self.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear; you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear Sister, you have miss'd your Mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a Chair, carried by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsy. Aimwell counterfeiting a Swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the Hartshorn Drops—
Gipsy, a Glas of fair Water, his Fit's very strong.—
Bleis me, how his Hands are clinch'd!

Arch. For shame, Ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?—Pray, Madam, [*To Dorinda.*] take his Hand, and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his Head. [*Dorinda takes his Hand.*]

Dor. Poor Gentleman——Oh——he has got my Hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully.—

L. Boun. 'Tis the Violence of his Convulsion, Child.

Arch. O, Madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these Cases—he'll bite you, if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my Hand! my Hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the Foolish Girl? I have got his Hand open, you see, with a great deal of Ease.

Arch. Ay, but, Madam, your Daughter's Hand is somewhat warmer than your Ladyship's, and the Heat of it draws the Force of the Spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, Friend, you're very learned in these sort of Fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, Madam, for I'm often troubled with them my self; I find my self extremely ill at this minute. [*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*]

Mrs. Sul. [*Aside.*] I fancy I cou'd find a way to cure you.

L. Boun. His Fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, Madam:—Pray, young Lady, open his Breast and give him Air.

L. Boun. Where did his Illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at Church, Madam.

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my Lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his Eyes, which at the first he only felt, but cou'd not tell whether 'twas Pain or Pleasure.

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L. Bount. Wind, nothing but Wind.

Arch. By soft Degrees it grew and mounted to his Brain, there his Fancy caught it; there form'd it beautiful, and dress'd it up in such gay, pleasing Colours, that his transported Appetite seiz'd the fair Idea and straight convey'd it to his Heart. That hospitable Seat of Life sent all its sanguine Spirits forth to meet it and open'd all its sluicy Gates to take the Stranger in.

L. Bount. Your Master shou'd never go without a Bottle to smell to——Oh! ——he recovers——the Lavender-Water——some Feathers to burn under his Nose——Hungary-water to rub his Temples——O he comes to himself. Hem a little, Sir, hem——*Gipsy*, bring the Cordial-Water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amazement.*]

Dor. How do you do, Sir?

Aim. Where am I?

[*Rising.*]

Sure I have pass'd the Gulph of Silent Death,
And now am landed on the *Elysian* Shore——
Behold the Goddess of those happy Plains,
Fair *Proserpine*——let me adore thy bright Divinity

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her Hand.*]

Mrs. Sul. So, so, so, I knew where the Fit would end.

Aim. *Eurydice*, perhaps——

How could thy *Orpheus* keep his Word,
And not look back upon thee?
No Treasure but thy self could sure have brib'd him
To look one Minute off thee.

L. Bount. Delirious, poor Gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, Madam, very delirious.

Aim. *Martin's* Voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my Lord——How does your Lordship?

L. Bount. Lord! did you mind that, Girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good Hands, Sir——You were taken just now with one of your old Fits, under the Trees just by this good Lady's House; her Ladyship had you taken in, and has miraculously brought you to your self, as you see——

Aim.

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Aim. I am so confounded with shame, Madam, that I can now only beg Pardon———And refer my Acknowledgement for your Ladyship's Care, till an Opportunity offers of making some amends——I dare be no longer troublesome——*Martin*, give two Guineas to the Servants.

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into the Air; you don't look, Sir, as if you were perfectly recover'd.

Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in Dumb-shew.

Aim. That I shall never be, Madam; my present Illness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my Grave.

Mrs. Sul. Don't despair, Sir; I have known several in your Distemper shake it off with a Fortnight's Physick.

L. Bount. Come, Sir, your Servant has been telling me that you're apt to relapse if you go into the Air--Your good Manners shan't get the better of ours——You shall sit down again, Sir: ——Come, Sir, we don't mind Ceremonies in the Country——Here, Sir, my Service t'ye——You shall taste my Water; 'tis a Cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making——Drink it off, Sir: [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find your self now, Sir?

Aim. Somewhat better—tho' very faint still.

L. Bount. Ay, ay, People are always faint after these Fits. Come, Girls, you shall shew the Gentleman the House; 'tis but an old Family Building, Sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the Air——You'll find some tolerable Pictures.——*Dorinda*, shew the Gentleman the way. [*Exit.*] I must go to the poor Woman below.

Dor. This way, Sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my Servant to wait on you, for he understands Pictures very well.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, we understand Originals as well as he does Pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Dor. Mrs. Sul. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*

Enter Foigard and Scrub, meeting.

Foig. Saave you, Master Scrub.

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Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way—I hate a Priest, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the Devil—Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last drop of my Blood to keep out Popery and Slavery.

Foig. Master *Scrub*, you wou'd put me down in Politics, and so I wou'd be speaking with Mrs. *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, Sir; she's gone abroad, Sir; she's—dead two Months ago, Sir.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. How now, Impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the Doctor? Pray, Sir, don't take it ill; for the Common People of *England* are not so civil to Strangers, as——

Scrub. You lye, you lye;—'tis the common People, such as you are, that are civillest to Strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to——Get you out, I say.

Scrub. I won't.

Gip. You wo'n't, Sauce-box——Pray, Doctor, what is the Captain's Name that came to your Inn last Night?

Scrub. The Captain! ah, the Devil, there she hampers me again;—the Captain has me on one side, and the Priest on t'other:—So between the Gown and Sword, I have a fine time on't.—But, *Cedant arma togæ.* [*Going.*]

Gip. What, Sirrah, wo'n't you march?

Scrub. No, my Dear, I wo'n't march—but I'll walk:—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[*Goes behind the Side-Scene, and listens.*]

Gip. Indeed, Doctor, the Count has been barbarously treated; that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipsy*, upon my Shoul, now *Gra*, his Complainings wou'd mollify the Marrow in your Bones, and move the Bowels of your Commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he sistles, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: In conclusion, Joy, he's afflicted; *a la François*, and a Stranger wou'd not know whither to cry, or to laugh with him.

Gip. What wou'd you have me do, Doctor?

Foig.

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Foig. Noting, Joy, but only hide the Count in Mrs. Sullen's Closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? It wou'd be both a Sin and a Shame, Doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *Lewidores*, Joy, for your Shame, and I will give you an Absolution for the Shin.

Gip. But won't that Money look like a Bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it—If you receive the Money before-hand 'twill be *Logicè* a Bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a Gratification.

Gip. Well, Doctor, I'll take it *Logicè*.—But what must I do with my Conscience, Sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, Joy; I am your Priest, *Gra*, and your Conscience is under my Hands.

Gip. But shou'd I put the Count into the Closet—

Foig. Vell, is dere any Shin for a Man's being in a Closet? one may go to Prayers in a Closet.

Gip. But if the Lady shou'd come into her Chamber and go to Bed?

Foig. Vel, and is dere any Shin in going to Bed, Joy?

Gip. Ay, but if the Parties shou'd meet, Doctor?

Foig. Vell den—the Parties must be responsible.—Do you be gone, after putting the Count in the Closet, and leave the Shins wid themselves—I will come with the Count to instruct you in your Chamber.

Gip. Well, Doctor, your Religion is so pure--methinks I'm so easy after an Absolution, and can sin afresh with so much Security, that I'm resolv'd to die a Martyr to't.—Here's the Key of the Garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my Hand: I'll lead you, and do you lead the Count, and follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What Witchcraft now have these two Imps of the Devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty *Lewidores*; I heard that, and saw the Purse: But I must give room to my Betters.

Enter

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Enter Aimwell, leading Dorinda, and making Love in Dumb-Sheew.—Mrs. Sul. and Archer.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, [*To Archer.*] how d'ye like that Piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*.—You find, Madam, how *Jupiter* came disguis'd to make Love——

Mrs. Sul. But what think you there of *Alexander's* Battels?

Arch. We want only a *Le Brun*, Madam, to draw greater Battels, and a greater General of our own——The *Danube*, Madam, wou'd make a greater Figure in a Picture than the *Granicus*; and we have our *Ramellius* to match their *Arbela*.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, what Head is that in the Corner there?

Arch. O, Madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his Exile.

Mrs. Sul. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious Love, Madam, [*Bowing.*] His Misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sul. Was he successful in his Amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark——He was too much a Gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sul. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the Chimney?

Arch. *Venus*! I protest, Madam, I took it for your Picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sul. Oh, what a Charm is Flattery! if you wou'd see my Picture, there it is, over that Cabinet——How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, Madam, that has the least Resemblance of you——But methinks, Madam,——[*He looks at the Picture and Mrs. Sullen, three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, Madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sul. A famous Hand, Sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

Arch. A famous Hand, Madam! Your Eyes, indeed, are featur'd there; but where's the sparkling Moisture, shining Fluid, in which they swim? The Picture

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indeed, has your Dimples; but where's the Swarm of killing *Cupids* that should ambush there? The Lips too are figur'd out; but where's the Carnation Dew, the pouting Ripeness that tempts the Taste in the Original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my Lot to have match'd with such a Man! [Aside.]

Arch. Your Breasts too; presumptuous Man! what! paint Heaven! *A propo*, Madam, in the very next Picture is *Salmeoneus*, that was struck dead with Lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* Thunder; I hope you serv'd the Painter so, Madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my Eyes the Power of Thunder, they shou'd employ their Lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest Bed in that Room, Madam? I suppose 'tis your Ladyship's Bed-Chamber?

Mrs. Sul. And what then, Sir?

Arch. I think the Quilt is the richest that ever I saw. — I can't at this distance, Madam, distinguish the Figures of the Embroidery: Will you give me leave, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. The Devil take his Impudence---Sure, if I gave him an Opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.---[Going. Returns.] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, Sister!

Arch. I'll follow her close————

*For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure, may well the Work perform.* [Going.]

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. *Martin*, Brother *Martin*.

Arch. O Brother *Scrub*, I beg your Pardon, I was not a going: Here's a Guinea my Master order'd you:

Scrub. A Guinea! hi, hi, hi, a Guinea! — by this Light it is a Guinea; but I suppose you expect one and twenty Shillings in Change.

Arch. Not at all; I have another for *Gipsy*.

Scr. A Guinea for her! Fire and Faggot for the Witch? — Sir, give me that Guinea, and I'll discover a Plot.

Arch. A Plot!

Scrub's.

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Scrub. Ay, Sir, a Plot, a horrid Plot—First, it must be a Plot, because there's a Woman in't: Secondly, it must be a Plot because there's a Priest in't: Thirdly, it must be a Plot, because there's *French Gold* in't: And Fourthly, it must be a Plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid; Brother *Scrub*.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too; for where there's a Priest and a Woman, there's always a Mystery and a Riddle.—This I know, that there has been the Doctor with a Temptation in one hand, and an Absolution in the other, and *Gipsy* has sold her self to the Devil; I saw the Price paid down, my Eyes shall take their Oath on't.

Arch. And is all this Bustle about *Gipsy*?

Scrub. That's not all; I cou'd hear but a Word here and there; but I remember they mention'd a Count, a Closet, a Back-door, and a Key.

Arch. The Count! Did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen*?

Scrub. I did hear some Word that sounded that way; but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda*, I cou'd not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, Brother?

Scrub. Told! No, Sir, I thank you for that; I'm resolv'd never to speak one Word, *pro nor con*, till we have a Peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, Brother *Scrub*; here's a Treaty a-foot between the Count and the Lady.—The Priest and the Chamber-Maid are Plenipotentiaries.—It shall go hard, but I find a way to be included in the Treaty. Where's the Doctor now?

Scrub. He and *Gipsy* are this moment devouring my Lady's Marmalade in the Closet.

Aim. [From without.] *Martin! Martin!*

Arch. I come, Sir, I come.

Scr. But you forget the other Guinea, Brother *Martin*.

Arch. Here, I give it with all my Heart.

Scrub. And I take it with all my Soul. [Exeunt severally.] I'cod, I'll spoil your Plotting, Mrs. *Gipsy*; and if you shou'd set the Captain upon me, these two Guineas will buy me off.

Enter

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Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Mrs. Sul. Well, Sister.

Dor. And well, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my Lord?

Dor. What's become of his Servant?

Mrs. Sul. Servant! He's a prettier Fellow, and a finer Gentleman by fifty degrees than his Master.

Dor. O' my Conscience, I fancy you cou'd beg that Fellow at the Gallows-foot.

Mrs. Sul. O' my Conscience I cou'd, provided I cou'd put a Friend of yours in his room?

Dor. You desir'd me, Sister, to leave you, when you transgress'd the Bounds of Honour.

Mrs. Sul. Thou dear censorious Country-Girl—— What dost mean? You can't think of the Man without the Bedfellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that Thought; while the Mind is conversant with Flesh and Blood, it must conform to the Humours of the Company.

Mrs. Sul. How a little Love and Conversation improve a Woman! Why, Child, you begin to live—— you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: My Lord has told me, that I have more Wit and Beauty than any of my Sex; and truly I begin to think the Man is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You're in the right, *Dorinda*; Pride is the Life of a Woman, and Flattery is our daily Bread; and she's a Fool that won't believe a Man there, as much as she that believes him in any thing else——But I'll lay you a Guinea, that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done——What did your Fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sul. My Fellow took the Picture of *Venus* for mine.

Dor. But my Lover took me for *Venus* her self.

Mrs. Sul. Common Cant! Had my Spark call'd me a *Venus* directly, I shou'd have believ'd him a Madman in good earnest.

Dor. But my Lover was upon his Knees to me.

Mrs. Sul. And mine was upon his Tiptoes to me.

Dor.

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Dor. Mine vow'd to die for me.

Mrs. Sul. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sul. Ay, ay, mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my Hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sul. Mine has all that Pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine offer'd Marriage.

Mrs. Sul. O Lord! D'ye call that a moving thing!

Dor. The sharpest Arrow in his Quiver, my dear Sister—
—Why, my ten thousand Pounds may lie brooding here this seven Years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natur'd Clown like yours:—Whereas, if I marry my Lord *Aimwell*, there will be Title, Place and Precedence, the Park, the Play, and the Drawing-Room, Splendor, Equipage, Noise, and Flambeaux.—Hey, my Lady *Aimwell's* Servants there—Lights, Lights to the Stairs—My Lady *Aimwell's* Coach; put forward—Stand by; make room for her Ladyship.—Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden.

Mrs. Sul. Happy, happy Sister! your Angel has been watchful for your Happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his Charge—Long smiling Years of circling Joys for you, but not one Hour for me! [*Weep*]

Dor. Come, my Dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sul. O *Dorinda*, I own my self a Woman full of my Sex, a gentle, generous Soul,—easy and yielding to soft Desire; a spacious Heart, where Love and all his Train might lodge: And must the fair Apartment of my Breast be made a Stable for a Brute to lie in?

Dor. Meaning your Husband, I suppose?

Mrs. Sul. Husband! No,—Even Husband is too soft a Name for him—But come, I expect my Brother here to-night or to-morrow; he was abroad when my Father married me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dor. Will you promise not to make your self easy in the mean time with my Lord's Friend?

Mrs. Sul. You mistake me, Sister—It happens with us, as among the Men, the greatest Talkers are the greatest Cowards; and there's a Reason for it; those Spirits are spent in Prattle, which might do more Mischief

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they took another Course——Tho', to confess the Truth, I do love that Fellow;——And if I met him dress'd as he should be, and I undress'd as I should be——Look'e, Sister, I have no supernatural Gifts;——I can't swear I cou'd resist the Temptation,——tho' I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

Arch. And the awkward Kindness of the good Motherly old Gentlewoman.——

Aim. And the coming Easiness of the young one——'Sdeath, 'tis pity to deceive her.

Arch. Nay, if you adhere to those Principles, stop where you are.

Aim. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

Arch. 'Sdeath, if you love her a Hair's-breadth beyond Discretion, you must go no farther.

Aim. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle Evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or *Will's*, and be stinted to bare looking at our old Acquaintance, the Cards, because our impotent Pockets can't afford us a Guinea for the Mercenary Drabs.

Arch. Or be obliged to some Purse-proud Coxcomb for a scandalous Bottle, where we must not pretend to our share of the Discourse, because we can't pay our Club o'th' Reckoning:——Damn it, I had rather sponge upon *Morris*, and sup upon a Dish of Bohea scor'd behind the Door.

Aim. And there expose our want of Sense by talking Criticisms, as we shou'd our want of Money by railing at the Government.

Arch. Or be obliged to sneak into the Side-box, and between both Houses steal two Acts of a Play; and because we ha'n't Money to see the other three, we come away discontented, and damn the whole five.

Aim. And ten thousand rascally Tricks——had we out-liv'd our Fortunes among our Acquaintance.——But now——

Arch.

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Arch. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the Iron is hot—This Priest is the luckiest part of our Adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

Aim. But I should not like a Woman that can be so fond of a *Frenchman*.

Arch. Alas, Sir, Necessity has no Law; the Lady may be in Distress; perhaps she has a confounded Husband and her Revenge may carry her farther than her Love—Egad, I have so good an Opinion of her, and of myself that I begin to fancy strange things; and we must do this for the Honour of our Women, and indeed of ourselves, that they do stick to their Men, as they do in their *Magna Charta*—If the Plot lies as I suspect—I must put on the Gentleman——But here comes the Doctor: I shall be ready.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Saave you, noble Friend.

Aim. O Sir, your Servant: Pray, Doctor, may I crave your Name?

Foig. Fat Naam is upon me? My Naam is *Foigard*, Joy.

Aim. *Foigard*! A very good Name for a Clergyman. Pray, Doctor *Foigard*, were you ever in *Ireland*?

Foig. *Ireland*! No, Joy—Fat sort of Plaace is de faam *Ireland*? dey say de People are catch'd dere when dey are young.

Aim. And some of 'em here when they're old;—for Example——[*Takes Foigard by the shoulder.*] Sir, I arrest you as a Traytor against the Government; you're a Subject of *England*, and this Morning shew'd me a Commission by which you serv'd as Chaplain in the *French Army*: This is Death by our Law, and your Reverence must hang for't.

Foig. Upon my shoul, noble Friend, dis is strange News you tell me, Fader *Foigard* a Subject of *England* de Son of a *Burgomaster* of *Brussels* a Subject of *England* Ubooboo——

Aim. The Son of a Bog-trotter in *Ireland*; Sir, your Tongue will condemn you before any Bench in the Kingdom.

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Foig. And is my Tongue all your Evidensh, Joy?

Aim. That's enough.

Foig. No, no, Joy, for I will never speak *Englisch* no more.

Aim. Sir, I have other Evidence—Here, *Martin*, you know this Fellow.

Enter Archer.

Arch. [*In a Brogue*] Saave you, my dear Cussen, how does your Health?

Foig. Ah! Upon my shoul dere is my Countryman, and his Brogue will hang mine. [*Aside.*] *Mynhere, Ick wet neat watt hey zacht, Ick Universton ewe neat, sacramant.*

Aim. Altering your Language won't do, Sir, this Fellow knows your Person, and will swear to your Face.

Foig. Faash! Fey, is dere a Brogue upon my Faash too?

Arch. Upon my Soulvation dere ish Joy——But, Cussen *Mackshane*, vil you not put a Remembrance upon me.

Foig. *Mackshane!* By *St. Patrick*, dat ish my Naame shure enough.

Aim. I fancy *Archer*, you have it.

Foig. The Devil hang you, Joy——By fat Acquaintance are you my Cussen?

Arch. O, de Devil hang your shelf, Joy; you know we were little Boys togeder upon de School, and your Foster-Moder's Son was married upon my Nurse's Chister, Joy, and so we are *Irish* Cussens.

Foig. De Devil taake de Relation! Vel, Joy, and fat School was it?

Arch. I think it was——Aay——'twas *Tipperary*.

Foig. Now, upon my Shoul, Joy, it was *Kilkenny*.

Aim. That's enough for us——Self-confession——Come, Sir, we must deliver you into the Hands of the next Magistrate.

Arch. He sends you to Goal, you're tried next Assizes, and away you go swing into Purgatory.

Foig. And is it so wid you, Cussen?

Arch. It vil be so wid you, Cussen, if you don't immediately confes the Secret between you and Mrs.

Gipsy

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Gipsy———Look'e, Sir, the Gallows or the Secret, take your Choice.

Foig. The Gallows ! upon my Shoul I hate that shame Gallows, for it is a Diseas'dat is fatal to our Family—Vel, den, there is nothing, Shentlemens, but Mrs *Sullen* would speak wid the Count in her Chamber at Midnight; and dere is no harm, Joy, for I am to conduct the Count to the Plash my self.

Arch. As I guefs'd———Have you communicated the Matter to the Count ?

Foig. I have not shewn him since.

Arch. Right agen; why then Doctor,———you shall conduct me to the Lady instead of the Count.

Foig. Fat, my Cussen to the Lady ! Upon my Shoul gra, dat is too much upon the Brogue.

Arch. Come, come, Doctor; consider we have got a Rope about your Neck, and if you offer to squeak, we'll stop your Wind-pipe, most certainly; we shall have another Job for you in a Day or two, I hope.

Aim. Here's Company coming this way, let's into my Chamber, and there concert our Affairs farther.

Arch. Come, my dear Cussen, come along. [*Exiunt.*]

Foig. Arra the Devil taake our Relashion.

Enter Boniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one Door, Gibbet at the opposite.

Gib. Well, Gentlemen, 'tis a fine Night for Enterprize.

Hounsf. Dark as Hell.

Bag. And blows like the Devil; our Landlord here has shew'd us the Window where we must break in, and tells us the Plate stands in the Wainscoat Cupboard in the Parlour.

Bon. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the Saying is, Knives and Forks, Cups and Cans, Tumblers and Tankards—There's one Tankard, as the Saying is, that's near upon as big as me; it was a Present to the 'Squire from his Godmother, and smells of Nutmeg and Toast like an *East-India Ship*.

Hounsf. Then you say we must divide at the Stair-head

Bon.

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Bon. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the Saying is—At one end of the Gallery lies my Lady *Bountiful* and her Daughter; and at the other, Mrs. *Sullen*—As for the 'Squire—

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and he's more than half Seas over already—But such a Parcel of Scoundrels are about him now, that, I'gad, I was aſham'd to be ſeen in their Company.

Bon. 'Tis now Twelve, as the Saying is—Gentlemen, you muſt ſet out at One.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagſhot* ſee our Arms fix'd, and I'll come to you preſently.

Hounf. and *Bag.* We will. [Exeunt.]

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you aſſure me that *Scrub* is a Coward.

Bon. A Chicken, as the Saying is—You'll have no Creature to deal with but the Ladies.

Gib. And I can aſſure you, Friend, there's a great deal of Addreſs and good Manners in robbing a Lady; I am the moſt a Gentleman that way that ever travell'd the Road—But, my dear *Bonny*, this Prize will be a Galleon, a *Vigo* Buſineſs—I warrant you, we ſhall bring off three or four thouſand Pound.

Bon. In Plate, Jewels, and Money, as the Saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee; I'll get up to Town, ſell off my Horſe and Arms, buy my ſelf ſome pretty Employment in the Law, and be as inug and as honeſt as e'er a long Gown of 'em all.

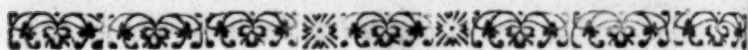
Bon. And what think you then of my Daughter *Cherry* for a Wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*—*Cherry* is the Goddeſs I adore, as the Song goes; but it is a Maxim, that Man and Wife ſhould never have it in their power to hang one another; for if they ſhould, the Lord have mercy on 'em both.

[Exeunt.]

The END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT



A C T V.

SCENE continues. Knocking without.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. **C**oming, coming—A Coach and six foaming
Horses at this time o' Night! Some great
Man, as the Saying is, for he scorns to travel with
other People.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, Fellow! A publick House, and a-bed
when other People sleep?

Bon. Sir, I a'n't a-bed, as the Saying is.

Sir Ch. I see that, as the Saying is! Is Mr. Sullen's
Family a-bed, think'e?

Bon. All but the 'Squire himself, Sir, as the Saying
is, he's in the House.

Sir Ch. What Company has he?

Bon. Why, Sir, there's the Constable, Mr. Gage the
Exciseman, the hunch-back'd Barber, and two or three
other Gentlemen.

Sir Ch. I find my Sister's Letters gave me the true
Picture of her Spouse.

Enter Sullen drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the Squire.

Sul. The Puppies left me asleep——Sir.

Sir Ch. Well, Sir.

Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate Man——I have three
thousand Pound a Year, and I can't get a Man to drink
a Cup of Ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, Sir,——And unless you have pity on me,
and smoke one Pipe with me, I must e'en go home
to

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to my Wife, and I had rather go to the Devil by half.

Sir Ch. But I presume, Sir, you wo'n't see your Wife to-night, she'll be gone to Bed—you don't use to lie with your Wife in that Pickle?

Sul. What! not lie with my Wife! Why, Sir, do you take me for an Atheist, or a Rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, Sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, Friend——But I am a Justice of Peace, and must do nothing against the Law.

Sir Ch. Law! As I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes Law for Law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the Law orders me to send you to Goal, you must lie there, my Friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a Crime to deserve it.

Sul. A Crime! Oons, a'n't I married?

Sir Ch. Nay, Sir, if you call Marriage a Crime, you must disown it for a Law.

Sul. Eh!——I must be acquainted with you, Sir:——But, Sir, I shou'd be very glad to know the Truth of this Matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, Sir, is a profound Sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom ont. Besides, Sir, I'm afraid the Line of your Understanding may'n't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, Sir, I have nothing to say to your Sea of Truth, but if a good Parcel of Land can entitle a Man to a little Truth, I have as much as any He in the County.

Bon. I never heard your Worship, as the Saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a Man that I lik'd before.

Bon. Pray, Sir, as the Saying is, let me ask you one Question: Are not Man and Wife one Flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your Wife, Mr. *Guts*, may be one Flesh, because you are nothing else——But rational Creatures have Minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir

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Sir *Ch.* Ay, Minds, Sir; don't you think that the Mind takes place of the Body!

Sul. In some People

Sir *Ch.* Then the Interest of the Master must be consulted before that of his Servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—

Oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir *Chr.* I know that my two Hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the Actions of Life; but I could not say so much, if they were always at Cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir *Ch.* Why don't you part with her, Sir?

Sul. Will you take her, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow Morning, and Venison-Pasty into the Bargain.

Sir *Ch.* You'll let me have her Fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, Sir, I have no Quarrel to her Fortune—I only hate the Woman, Sir; and none but the Woman shall go.

Sir *Ch.* But her Fortune, Sir—

Sul. Can you play at Whisk, Sir?

Sir *Ch.* No, truly, Sir.

Sul. Nor at All-fours?

Sir *Ch.* Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this Man bred? [*Aside.*] But me, Sir, I can't go home, 'tis but Two a-clock.

Sir *Ch.* For half an Hour, Sir, if you please— But you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the Reason I can't go to Bed— Come, Sir—

Enter Cherry, runs across the Stage, and knocks at Aimwell's Chamber-door. Enter Aimwell in his Night cap and Gown.

Aim. What's the matter? You tremble, Child, you're frightened?

Cher. No wonder, Sir—But in short, Sir, this very Minute a Gang of Rogues are gone to rob my *Beautiful's* House.

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Aim. How!

Cher. I dogg'd 'em to the very Door, and left 'em breaking in.

Aim. Have you alarm'd any body else with the News?

Cher. No, no, Sir; I wanted to have discover'd the whole Plot, and twenty other things, to your Man *Martin*; but I have search'd the whole House, and can't find him: where is he?

Aim. No matter, Child; will you guide me immediately to the House?

Cher. With all my heart, Sir; my Lady *Bountiful* is my Godmother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well——

Aim. *Dorinda*! The Name inspires me, the Glory and the Danger shall be all my own——Come, my Life, let me but get my Sword. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, undress'd; a Table and Lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, Sister; no News of your Spouse yet?

Mrs. Sul. No; I'm condemn'd to be alone 'till towards Four, and then, perhaps, I may be executed with his Company.

Dor. Well, my Dear, I'll leave you to your Rest; you'll go directly to Bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do:—Hey-ho!

Dor. That's a desiring Sigh, Sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing Hour, Sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical Minute, if the pretty Fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here! what in my Bed-chamber, at two a-clock i'th' Morning, I undress'd, the Family asleep, my hated Husband abroad, and my lovely Fellow at my Feet——O gad, Sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, Sister, and them I allow you——So, my Dear, good night. [*Exit.*]

D

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Sul.* A good Rest to my dear *Dorinda*. —
Thoughts free! are they so? Why then suppose he
here, dress'd like a youthful, gay, and burning Bride-
groom; [*Here Archer steals out of the Closet.*] with
Tongue enchanting, Eyes bewitching, Knees implor-
ing. [*Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the*
Posture she describes.] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other*
side of the Stage.] Have my Thoughts rais'd a Spirit

—What are you, Sir, a Man or a Devil?

Arch. A Man, a Man, Madam. [*Rises*]

Mrs. *Sul.* How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you Demonstration this Mo-
nute. [*Takes her Hand*]

Mrs. *Sul.* What, Sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, Madam, if you please.

Mrs. *Sul.* In the Name of Wonder, whence came you?

Arch. From the Skies, Madam—I'm a *Jupiter*.
Love, and you shall be my *Alcmena*.

Mrs. *Sul.* How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the Window, Madam; your Cousin
Cupid lent me his Wings, and your Sister Valere
open'd the Casement.

Mrs. *Sul.* I'm struck dumb with Admiration.

Arch. And I with Wonder. [*Looks passionately at her*]

Mrs. *Sul.* What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks!—The teeming
jolly Spring smiles in her blooming Face, and when
she was conceiv'd, her Mother smelt to Roses, look'd
like Lillies—

*Lillies unfold their White, their fragrant Charms,
When the warm Sun thus darts into their Arms.*

[*Runs to her*]

Mrs. *Sul.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, Madam, what do you mean? You
raise the House.

Mrs. *Sul.* Sir, I'll wake the Dead before I'll bear this
—What! Approach me with the Freedom of a
Keeper! I'm glad on't, your Impudence has cur'd me

Arch. It can be Impudence, [*Kneels*] I leave to your
partial self; no panting Pilgrim, after a tedious, pain-

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ful Voyage, e'er bow'd before his Saint with more Devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] Rise thou prostrate Engineer; not all thy undermining Skill shall reach my Heart——Rise, and know I am a Woman without my Sex; I can love to all the Tenderness of Wishes, Sighs, and Tears——But go no farther.——Still to convince you that I'm more than Woman, I can speak my Frailty, confess my Weakness even for you—but——

Arch. For me! [*Going to lay hold on her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Hold, Sir, build not upon that——for my most mortal Hatred follows, if you disobey what I command you now——leave me this Minute——If he denies, I'm lost. [*Aside.*]

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your Lips must seal the Promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw!

Arch. They must, they must, [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and Paradise! And why not now, my Angel? The Time, the Place, Silence and Secrecy, all conspire——And the now conscious Stars have pre-ordain'd this Moment for my Happiness. [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the Sun rides fast, and disappoints not Mortals of to-morrow's Dawn, this Night shall crown my Joys.

Mrs. Sul. My Sex's Pride assist me.

Arch. My Sex's Strength help me.

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you. [*Carrying her off.*]

Mrs. Sul. Thieves, Thieves, Murder——

Enter Scrub, in his Breeches and one Shoe.

Scrub. Thieves, Thieves, Murder, Popery!

Arch. Ha! the very timorous Stag will kill in Rutting-time.

[*Draws, and offers to stab Scrub.*]

D 2

Scrub.

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Scrub. [*Kneeling.*] O pray, Sir, spare all I have, and take my Life.

Mrs. Sul. [*Holding Archer's Hand.*] What does this Fellow mean?

Scrub. O Madam, down upon your Knees, you Marrow-bones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the Rogues —— I beg your Pardon one of the honest Gentlemen that just now are broke in to the House.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch. Indeed I did, Madam, but I wou'd have taken nothing but what you might very well ha' spar'd; but your crying Thieves has wak'd this dreaming Fellow and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted! 'tis granted, Sir; take all we have.

Mrs. Sul. The Fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, Madam, they are broke into the House with Fire and Sword; I saw them, heard them, they will be here this Minute.

Arch. What, Thieves!

Scrub. Under favour, Sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, Sir?

Arch. Madam, I wish your Ladyship a good Night.

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me?

Arch. Leave you! Lord, Madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your mortal Hatred.

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray, Sir——

[*Takes hold of her*

Arch. Ha, ha, ha, now comes my turn to be visited——You see now, Madam, you must use Men one way or other; but take this by the way, good Madam, that none but a Fool will give you the Benefit of his Courage, unless you'll take his Love along with it. How are they arm'd, Friend?

Scrub. With Sword and Pistol, Sir.

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Arch. Hush! — I see a dark Lanthorn coming thro' the Gallery — Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my Life.

Mrs. Sul. Your Life! no Sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much; therefore now, Sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, Madam, I'll consult my own Safety, for the sake of yours; I'll work by Stratagem: Have you Courage enough to stand the Appearance of 'em?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, since I have 'scaped your Hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, Brother *Scrub*; don't you know me?

Scrub. Eh! my dear Brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer.*]

Arch. This way — Here —

[*Archer and Scrub hide behind the Bed.*]

Enter Gibbet with a dark Lanthorn in one Hand, and a Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the Chamber, and the Lady alone.

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, Sir? What wou'd you have? D'y'e come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! Alack-a-day, Madam, I'm only a younger Brother, Madam; and so, Madam, if you make a Noise, I'll shoot you through the Head: But don't be afraid, Madam, [*Laying his Lanthorn and Pistol upon the Table.*] These Rings, Madam; don't be concern'd, Madam; I have a profound Respect for you, Madam; your Keys, Madam; don't be frighted, Madam; I'm the most of a Gentleman: [*Searching her Pockets.*] This Necklace, Madam; I never was rude to any Lady! — I have a Veneration — for this Necklace — [*Here Archer having come round, and seiz'd the Pistol, takes Gibbet by the Collar, trips up his Heels, and claps the Pistol to his Breast.*]

Arch. Hold, profane Villain, and take the Reward of thy Sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, Sir, don't kill me; I an't prepar'd.

Arch. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

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Scrub. Five and Forty, Sir.

Arch. Then I must kill the Villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold ! hold ! Sir ; we are but three, upon my Honour.

Arch. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him ?

Scrub. Not I, Sir, kill him, kill him.

Arch. Run to *Gipsy's* Chamber, there you'll find the Doctor ; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub running.*]

Come, Rogue, if you have a short Prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no Prayer at all ; the Government has provided a Chaplain to say Prayers for us on these Occasions.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sir, don't kill him — You fright me as much as him.

Arch. The Dog shall die, Madam, for being the occasion of my Disappointment — Sirrah, this Moment is your last.

Gib. Sir, I'll give you two hundred Pounds to spare my Life.

Arch. Have you no more, Rascal ?

Gib. Yes, Sir, I can command four hundred ; but I must reserve two of 'em to save my Life at the Sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

Arch. Here, Doctor ; I suppose *Scrub* and you, between you, may manage him — Lay hold of him, Doctor.

[*Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.*]

Gib. What ! turn'd over to the Priest already — Look'e, Doctor, you come before your time ; I a'n't condemn'd yet, I thank ye.

Foig. Come, my dear Joy, I vil secure your Body and your Shoul too : I vil make you a good Catholick, and give you an Absolution.

Gib. Absolution ! can you procure me a Pardon, Doctor ?

Foig. No, Joy —

Gib. Then you and your Absolution may go to the Devil.

Arch.

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Arch. Convey him into the Cellar, there bind him:
——— Take the Pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot
him thro' the Head——— and come back to us with all
the Speed you can.

Scrub. Ay, ay; come, Doctor, do you hold him fast,
and I'll guard him.

Mrs. Sul. But how came the Doctor?

Arch. In short, Madam——— [*Shrieking without*]
'Sdeath! the Rogues are at work with the other La-
dies——— I'm vex'd I parted with the Pistol; but I must
fly to their Assistance——— Will you stay here, Madam,
or venture your self with me?

Mrs. Sul. Oh, with you, dear Sir, with you.

[*Takes him by the Arm, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same
House.

*Enter Hounslow dragging the Lady Bountiful, and
Bagshot bawling in Dorinda; the Rogues with Swords
drawn.*

Hounsf. Come, come, your Jewels, Mistress.

Bagsh. Your Keys, your Keys, old Gentlewoman.

Enter Aimwell and Cherry.

Aim. Turn this way, Villains; I durst engage an
Army in such a Cause. [*He engages 'em both.*]

Dor. O, Madam! had I but a Sword to help the
brave Man!

L. Bount. There's three or four hanging up in the
Hall; but they won't draw. I'll go fetch one, how-
ever. [*Exit.*]

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Arch. Hold, hold, my Lord; every Man his Bird,
pray. [*They engage Man to Man; the Rogues are
thrown down, and disarmed.*]

Cher. What! the Rogues taken! then they'll im-
peach my Father! I must give him timely Notice.

[*Runs out.*]

Arch. Shall we kill the Rogues?

D 4

Aim.

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Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, Madam, lend me your Garter.
[*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*]

Mrs. Sul. The Devil's in this Fellow; he fights, loves, and banters, all in a Breath: Here's a Cord that the Rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right; the Rogue's Destiny, a Rope to hang himself——Come, my Lord,——this is but a scandalous sort of an Office; [*Binding the Rogues together.*] if our Adventures shou'd end in this sort of Hangman-work; but I hope there is something in prospect that——[*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, have you secur'd your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, Sir; I left the Priest and him disputing about Religion.

Aim. And pray carry these Gentlemen to reap the Benefit of the Controversy. [*Delivers the Prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.*]

Mrs. Sul. Pray, Sister, how came my Lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the Gentleman here?

Mrs. Sul. I'll tell you the greatest Piece of Villany——
[*They talk in dumb Shew.*]

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your Adventures than the House-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my Adventure, yours is the principal.——Press her this minute to marry you,——now, while she's hurried between the Palpitation of her Fear and the Joy of her Deliverance; now, while the Tide of her Spirits are at High-flood;——throw your self at her Feet, speak some *Romantick* Nonsense or other;——address her, like *Alexander* in the Height of his Victory; confound her Senses, bear down her Reason, and away with her:——The Priest is now in the Cellar, and dare not refuse to do the Work.

Enter Lady Bountiful.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observ'd?

Arch. You a Lover! and not find a way to get off:——Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch.

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Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't; this Wound will do the Business—I'll amuse the old Lady and Mrs. Sullen about dressing my Wound, while you carry off Dorinda.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, cou'd we understand how you wou'd be gratified for the Services——

Arch. Come, come, my Lady, this is no time for Compliments; I'm wounded, Madam.

L. Boun. and Mrs. Sul. How! wounded!

Dor. I hope, Sir, you have receiv'd no hurt?

Aim. None but what you may cure.——

[*Makes Love in dumb Shew.*]

L. Boun. Let me see your Arm, Sir—I must have some Powder-sugar to stop the Blood——O me! An ugly Gash; upon my word, Sir, you must go into Bed.

Arch. Ay, my Lady, a Bed wou'd do very well——Madam, [*To Mrs. Sullen*] will you do me the Favour to conduct me to a Chamber?

L. Boun. Do, do, Daughter,——while I get the Lint, and the Probe, and the Plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*]

Arch. Come, Madam, why don't you obey your Mother's Commands.

Mrs. Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to ask me?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the Confidence to deny me?——Was not this Blood shed in your Defence, and my Life expos'd for your Protection?——Look'e Madam, I'm none of your Romantick Fools, that fight Giants and Monsters for nothing; my Valour is downright *Swiss*; I am a Soldier of Fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Sir, to upbraid me with your Services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, Madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sul. How! At the Expence of my Honour?

Arch. Honour! Can Honour consist with Ingratitude? If you wou'd deal like a Woman of Honour, do

D 5 like

Arch.

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like a Man of Honour: D'ye think I would deny you
in such a Case?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Lady order'd me to tell you that
your Brother is below at the Gate.

Mrs. Sul. My Brother! Heavens be prais'd—Sir
he shall thank you for your Services; he has it in
his power.

Arch. Who is your Brother, Madam?

Mrs. Sul. Sir Charles Freeman——You'll excuse
me, Sir; I must go and receive him.

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! 'Sdeath and Hell——
My old Acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made
good use of his Time, all our fair Machine goes down
into the Sea, like the *Edifstone*. [Exit]

SCENE changes to the Gallery in the same House.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my Lord, you have conquer'd
your late generous Action will, I hope, plead for my
easy yielding; tho' I must own, your Lordship had
Friend in the Fort before.

Aim. The Sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her Tongue
——Here, Doctor——

Enter Folgard, with a Book.

Fol. Are you prepar'd boat?

Dor. I'm ready: But first, my Lord, one Word—
I have a frightful example of a hasty Marriage in my
own Family; when I reflect upon't, it shocks me.
Pray, my Lord, consider a little——

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my Honour or my
Love?

Dor. Neither; I do believe you equally just as brave
——And were your whole Sex drawn out for me to
chuse, I would not cast a look upon the Multitude
you were absent——But, my Lord, I'm a Woman
Colours, Concealments, may hide a thousand Faults

The BEAUX STRATAGEM. 81

me — Therefore know me better first ; I hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing except my Love.

Aim. Such Goodness who could injure ! I find my self unequal to the Task of Villain ; she has gain'd my Soul, and made it honest like her own — I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foigard.*] Madam, behold your Lover and your Profelyte, and judge of my Passion by my Conversion — I'm all a Lye, nor dare I give a Fiction to your Arms : I'm all a Counterfeit, except my Passion.

Dor. Forbid it, Heaven ! a Counterfeit !

Aim. I am no Lord, but a poor needy Man, come with a mean, a scandalous Design to prey upon your Fortune — But the Beauties of your Mind and Person have so won me from my self, that, like a trusty Servant, I prefer the Interest of my Mistress to my own.

Dor. Sure I have had the Dream of some poor Mariner, a sleeping Image of a welcome Port, and wake involv'd in Storms — Pray, Sir, who are you ?

Aim. Brother to the Man whose Title I usurp'd, but Stranger to his Honour or his Fortune.

Dor. Matchless Honesty ! — Once I was proud, Sir, of your Wealth and Title, but now am prouder that you want it : Now I can shew, my Love was justly levell'd, and had no Aim but Love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one Door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your Pardon, Sir, we sha'n't want you now. Sir, you must excuse me — I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with Gipsy.*]

Foig. Upon my Shoul, now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*]

Aim. Gone ! And bid the Priest depart — It has an ominous Look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, Tom — Shall I wish you Joy

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons ! Man, what ha' you been doing :

Aim. O Archer, my Honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How !

Aim.

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Aim. I have discover'd my self.

Arch. Discover'd! And without my Consent? What Have I embark'd my small Remains in the same Bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my Partnership.

Aim. O *Archer*, I own my Fault.

Arch. After Conviction——'Tis then too late for Pardon——You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you propos'd this Folly——As you begun, so end it——Henceforth I'll hunt my Fortune single.——So farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear *Archer*, but a minute.

Arch. Stay! What, to be despis'd, expos'd, and laugh'd at!——No: I wou'd sooner change Conditions with the worst of the Rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful Smile from the proud Knight, that once treated as my Equal.

Aim. What Knight?

Arch. Sir *Charles Freeman*, Brother to the Lady that I had almost——But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed Night's Work; and so I leave you to make the best of it.

Aim. *Freeman*!——One Word, *Archer*. Still I have Hopes; methought she receiv'd my Confession with Pleasure.

Arch. 'Sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the Match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To her self, I warrant her, as you should have been.

Aim. By all my Hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda mighty gay.

Dor. Come, my dear Lord——I fly with Impatience to your Arms——The Minutes of my Absence was a tedious Year. Where's this Priest?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oons, a brave Girl!

Dor. I suppose, my Lord, this Gentleman is privy to our Affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, Madam, I'm to be your Father.

Dor.

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Dor. Come, Priest, do your Office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste; couple 'em any way [*Takes Aimwell's Hand.*] Come, Madam, I'm to give you.

Dor. My Mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh———

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, and sho is my shelf.

Arch. What's the matter now, Madam?

Dor. Look'e, Sir, one generous Action deserves another——This Gentleman's Honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my Justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: In short, Sir, you are the Person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; and I wish your Lordship Joy. Now, Priest, you may be gone; if my Lord is now pleas'd with the Match, let his Lordship marry me in the Face of the World.

Aim. *Archer*, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a Witness for my Truth.

Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.

Sir Ch. My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you Joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Ch. Of your Honour and Estate. Your Brother died the Day before I left *London*; and all your Friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest, I did my self the Honour.

Arch. Heark'e, Sir Knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Ch. 'Tis truth, upon my Honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant Stars that form'd this Accident.

Arch. Thanks to the Womb of Time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my Guardian Angel that led me to the Prize——— [*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*]

Arch. And double Thanks to the noble *Sir Charles Freeman*. My Lord, I wish you Joy. My Lady I wish you Joy———I-gad, *Sir Freeman*, you're the honestest Fellow living——'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy

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airy upon this Matter—My Lord, how d'ye?—
A Word, my Lord: Don't you remember something
of a previous Agreement, that entitles me to the Moi-
ety of this Lady's Fortune, which, I think, will a-
mount to five thousand Pound.

Aim. Not a Penny, *Archer*: You wou'd ha' cut my
Throat just now, because I wou'd not deceive this
Lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your Throat still, if you shou'd
deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the Dispute,
the Lady's Fortune is ten thousand Pound, we'll di-
vide the Stakes; take the ten thousand Pound, or the
Lady.

Dor. How! Is your Lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, Madam; his Lordship knows very
well, that I'll take the Money; I leave you to his
Lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arra fait, de People do say you be all robb'd,
Joy.

Aim. The Ladies have been in some danger, Sir, as
you saw.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, our Inn be robb'd too.

Aim. Our Inn! By whom?

Foig. Upon my Shalwation, our Landlord has robb'd
himself, and run away wid da Money.

Arch. Robb'd himself!

Foig. Ay fait! and me too of a hundred Pounds.

Arch. Robb'd you of a hundred Pound!

Foig. Yes fait, Honny, that I did owe him.

Aim. Our Money's gone, *Frank*.

Arch. Rot the Money, my Wench is gone—
Sçavez vous quelque chose de Mademoiselle Cherry?

Enter a Fellow with a strong Box and a Letter.

Fell. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay,—who wants him?

Fell. I have a Box here, and a Letter for him.

Arch.

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Arch. [*Taking the Box.*] Ha, ha, ha, what's here? *Legerdemain!* By this Light, my Lord, our Money again! but this unfolds the Riddle. [*Opening the Letter, reads.*] Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the publick Good, and must be communicated to the Company.

Mr. Martin,

MY Father being afraid of an Impeachment by the Rogues that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can procure him a Pardon, he'll make great Discoveries that may be useful to the Country. Could I have met you instead of your Master to-night, I wou'd have deliver'd my self into your hands, with a Sum that much exceeds that in your strong Box, which I have sent you, with an Assurance to my dear Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful Friend till Death,

Cherry Boniface.

There's a Billet-doux for you — As for the Father, I think he ought to be encouraged; and for the Daughter—Pray, my Lord, persuade your Bride to take her into her Service instead of *Gipsy*.

Aim. I can assure you, Madam, your Deliverance was owing to her Discovery.

Dor. Your Command, my Lord, will do without the Obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good Company meets opportunely in favour of a Design I have in behalf of my unfortunate Sister: I intend to part her from her Husband.—Gentlemen, will you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'Sdeath, who wou'd not?

Foig. Ay, upon my Shoul, we'll all assist.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this?—They tell me, Spouse, that you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, Spouse, I was pretty near it—Had not these two Gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these Gentlemen here?

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Sul.* That's his way of returning Thanks, you must know.

Foig. Ay, but upon my Conscience de Question be à *propo*, for all dat.

Sir *Char.* You promis'd last Night, Sir, that you would deliver your Lady to me this Morning.

Sul. Humph.——

Arch. Humph! What do you mean by Humph?—Sir, you shall deliver her——In short, Sir, we have sav'd you and your Family; and if you are not civil, we'll unbind the Rogues, join with them, and set fire to your House——What does the Man mean? Not part with his Wife!

Foig. Arra, not part wid your Wife! Upon my Shoul de Man does not understand common Shivility.

Mrs. *Sul.* Hold, Gentlemen; all things here must move by Consent; Compulsion would spoil us: Let my Dear and I talk the Matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first who are to be our Judges:—Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir *Ch.* I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away your Wife.

Sul. And you, good Sir?

Aim. Charles Viscount *Aimwell*, come to take away your Sister.

Sul. And you, pray Sir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Esq; come——

Sul. To take away my Mother, I hope——Gentlemen, you're heartily welcome: I never met with three more obliging People since I was born——And now, my Dear, if you please, you shall have the first Word.

Arch. And the last, for five Pound. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Sul.* Spouse.

Sul. Rib.

Mrs. *Sul.* How long have you been marry'd?

Sul. By the Almanack, fourteen Months——but by my Account, fourteen Years.

Mrs. *Sul.* 'Tis thereabout by my Reckoning.

Foig. Upon my Conscience dere Accounts vil agree.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *Sul.* Pray, Spouse, what did you marry for?

Sul. To get an Heir to my Estate.

Sir *Cb.* And have you succeeded?

Sul. No.

Arch. The Condition fails of his side.——Pray, Madam, what did you marry for?

Mrs. *Sul.* To support the Weakness of my Sex by the Strength of his, and to enjoy the Pleasures of an agreeable Society.

Sir *Cb.* Are your Expectations answer'd?

Mrs. *Sul.* No.

Foig. Arra Honeys, a clear Caase, a clear Caase!

Sir *Cb.* What are the Bars to your mutual Contentment?

Mrs. *Sul.* In the first place, I can't drink Ale with him.

Sul. Nor can I drink Tea with her.

Mrs. *Sul.* I can't hunt with you.

Sul. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. *Sul.* I hate Cocking and Racing.

Sul. And I abhor Ombre and Picquet.

Mrs. *Sul.* Your Silence is intolerable.

Sul. Your Prating is worse.

Mrs. *Sul.* Have we not been a perpetual Offence to each other—A gnawing Vulture at the Heart?

Sul. A frightful Goblin to the Sight.

Mrs. *Sul.* A Porcupine to the Feeling.

Sul. Perpetual Wormwood to the Taste.

Mrs. *Sul.* Is there on Earth a thing we can agree in?

Sul. Yes——to part.

Mrs. *Sul.* With all my heart.

Sul. Your Hand.

Mrs. *Sul.* Here.

Sul. These Hands join'd us, these shall part us.——

Away——

Mrs. *Sul.* North.

Sul. South.

Mrs. *Sul.* East.

Sul. West——far as the Poles asunder.

Foig. Upon my Shoul, a very pretty Sheremony.

Sir *Cb.* Now, Mr. *Sullen*, there wants only my Sister's Fortune to make us easy.

Sul.

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Sul. Sir Charles, you love your Sister, and I love her Fortune; every one to his Fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund?

Sul. Not a Stiver.

Arch. What is her Portion?

Sir Ch. Ten Thousand Pound, Sir.

Arch. I'll pay it: my Lord, I thank him, has enabled me; and if the Lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This Night's Adventure has proved strangely lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet*, in his Walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your Study and Escritore, and has taken out all the Writings of your Estate, all the Articles of Marriage with your Lady, Bills, Bonds, Leases, Receipts, to an infinite Value; I took 'em from him, and I deliver them to Sir Charles.

[Gives him a Parcel of Papers and Parchments.]

Sul. How, my Writings! my Head akes consumedly.—Well, Gentlemen, you shall have her Fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir Charles, to be merry, and celebrate my Sister's Wedding and my Divorce, you may command my House:—but my Head akes consumedly:—*Scrub*, bring me a Dram.

Arch. Madam [to Mrs. Sul.] there's a Country-Dance to the Trifle that I sung to-day; your Hand, and we'll lead it up.

Here a Dance.

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these Parties is the better pleas'd, the Couple join'd, or the Couple parted; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted Happiness, and the other in their Deliverance from an experienc'd Misery.

*Both happy in their sev'ral States we find:
Those parted by Consent, and those conjoin'd.
Consent, if mutual, saves the Lawyer's Fee:
Consent is Law enough to set you free.*

The END of the FIFTH ACT.



A N

EPILOGUE,

Design'd to be spoke in the BEAUX
STRATAGEM.

By Mr. SMITH, the Author of
PHÆDRA and HYPOLITUS.

IF to our Play your Judgment can't be kind,
Let its expiring Author Pity find:
Survey his mournful Case with melting Eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, you Fair, on his last Scene to frown,
But his true Exit with a Plaudit crown;
Then shall the dying Poet cease to fear
The dreadful Knell, while your Applause he hears.
At Leuctra so the conqu'ring Theban dy'd,
Claim'd his Friends Praises, but their Tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the Pangs of Death, he greatly thought
Conquest with Loss of Life but cheaply bought.
The Difference this, the Greek was one wou'd fight,
As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite;
Ye Sons of Will's, what's that to those who write!
To Thebes alone the Grecian ow'd his Bays:
You may the Bard above the Hero raise,
Since yours is greater than Athenian Praise.

SONG



SONG of a TRIFLE.

Sung by *Archer* in the Third A c t.

A Trifling Song you shall hear,
 Begun with a Trifle and ended:
 All Trifling People draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

*Were it not for Trifles, a few,
 That lately have come into Play;
 The Men wou'd want something to do,
 And the Women want something to say.*

*What makes Men trifle in Dressing?
 Because the Ladies (they know)
 Admire, by often Possessing,
 That eminent Trifle a Beau.*

*When the Lover his Moments has Trifl'd,
 The Trifle of Trifles to gain:
 No sooner the Virgin is rifl'd,
 But a Trifle shall part 'em again.*

*What mortal Man wou'd be able
 At White's half an hour to sit?
 Or who cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
 Without talking of Trifles for Wit?*

*The Court is from Trifles secure,
 Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see:
 White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
 Whatever their Bearers may be.*

*But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will shew you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.*

*A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin :
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within?*

*A Flask of Champaign, People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad:
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle egad.*

*A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow:
A Peace is a Trifle to-day:
Who knows what may happen to-morrow?*

*A Black-Coat a Trifle may cloak,
Or to hide in, the Red may endeavour:
But if once the Army is broke,
We shall have more Trifles than ever.*

*The Stage is a Trifle, the say;
The Reason, pray carry along,
Because at ev'ry new Play,
The House they with Trifles so throng.*

*But with People's Malice to Trifle,
And to set us all on a Foot:
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.*

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